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CLIMBING.

Up to her chamber window
A slight vine trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the flex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain's folds between.

She smiles on her white-rose lover,
She reaches out her hand,
And helps him in at the window;
I see it where I stand.

To her scarlet lips she holds him,
And kisses him many a time.
Ah me! it was he that won her,
Because he dared to climb.

BEHIND A MASK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

CARLYON, who was getting irritated, caught Ethel Vivian's eye at this juncture, and suddenly realizing the ludicrous aspect of the situation, burst out laughing; whereupon the old man at the gate indulged in a chuckle, which caused Ethel Vivian to join in the merriment.

"Come, old gentleman," said Carlyon coaxingly, "you are perfectly right to obey orders, but Mr. Helsford had no idea that his niece was coming."

With these words he slipped a half crown into the old man's hand; but the bribe produced no result whatever, except a murmur of acknowledgment.

"Are you not going to let us pass now?" inquired Carlyon, seeing that the man did not move.

"Nos," he said.

"Why, you old rascal, you took my money!"

"'Cause you gived it," replied the man.

Carlyon could not help laughing again, in spite of his vexation.

"What is to be done?" he said to Miss Vivian.

"Are you sure Mr. Helsford did not hand you a piece of paper with something written upon it, in case anybody called?" asked Ethel Vivian, addressing the man in desperation.

The old fellow at first answered "No," but, upon being pressed, he seemed to waver. Finally, after much persuasion and profound reflection, he consented to go and see. He accordingly retired, after carefully shutting and bolting the gate, and when he re-appeared, after considerable delay, he produced an envelope upon which was written, in a clear, precise, feminine hand, the following address—Mr. Helsford, Poste Restante, Pont des Poits, Calvados, Normandy.

"That is all right," exclaimed Carlyon, forgetting, in his satisfaction, to blame the man for his stupidity. "And now," he added, after making a hasty memorandum of the address, "what is to be done?"

The old man, upon receiving the envelops back, had promptly closed the gate, leaving Carlyon and Ethel Vivian standing disconsolately in the road.

"I must seek a lodging in the town, I suppose," said the girl, endeavoring to look unconcerned.

"Do you know any one?" Carlyon asked.

"No."

"Then look here, Miss Vivian; be guided by me," he said eagerly. "Let us get a fly at the 'Crown' inn, and drive straight to my friends the Mannings; they are not far off, and will be able to put you in the way of getting a respectable lodging."

The suggestion was so practical that the girl was easily prevailed upon to consent to it. They therefore walked on to the "Crown" inn, and, leaving his companion there, Carlyon superintended the removal of her luggage from the station and procured a fly. Shortly afterwards they started off, and reached Bilstone Vicarage just as manning, upon his return home, was reading his friend's telegram.

The surprise of the worthy Vicar and his wife at the arrival of Carlyon, accompanied by a young lady and a quantity of luggage, was naturally very great; but a few words of explanation sufficed to arouse their ready sympathy on behalf of Ethel Vivian, and, as Carlyon had anticipated, his kind-hearted friends insisted upon the girl taking up her abode under their hospitable roof until arrangements could be made for the future. After this, Carlyon felt he could not well refuse their pressing invitation to stay the night, though he had fully intended to return to town by the evening train; and he thus had the satisfaction of witnessing how quickly and completely his protegee succeeded in ingratiating herself with her new friends.

* * * * * *

Carlyon journeyed back to town the next morning in a very unamiable mood. He was more than half ashamed of his escapade of the previous day, and the circumstances of the moment were conducive to ill-humor. He had risen abnormally early, and, after a hurried breakfast by candlelight, had driven, shivering, through the keen frosty air to the station, where he had been kept waiting for his train. The compartment in which he was seated felt like an ice-house, and he had no foot-warmer, no railway-rug, nothing to read, and his cigar would not draw properly. The sense of personal discomfort rendering him irritable and dissatisfied with himself and things in general, he realized for the first time that he had been guilty of wanton neglect of his professional engagements by rushing away from town at a moment's notice. He took himself severely to task for this, and magnified his offence by morbidly imagining all sorts of serious consequences which might possibly have resulted from his unaccountable absence.

The secret cause of his irritation however was that his friends the Mannings evidently chose to attribute the interest he had manifested in Ethel Vivian to sentiments which at present he indignantly repudiated. Mrs. Manning had got up early to see him off for the express purpose, apparently, of showing womanly sympathy and interest in his supposed romantic attachment. She had talked incessantly of Ethel, singing her praises and commending her personal attractions. The parson had, no doubt, been sternly forbidden to rally his friend on this delicate subject, but he had nevertheless been unable to refrain from sly remarks and allusions which made Carlyon wince. Carlyon had disdained to reply to these insinuations, and had endeavored to appear entirely unconcerned; but he was vexed and annoyed at having placed himself in such an equivocal position.

It was only after he had arrived at his chambers, and discovered that nothing had occurred to cause him to regret his adventurous journey, he began to recover his equanimity. He settled down to his work, and his mild resentment against the Mannings gradually faded away. He even felt a sense of satisfaction at what he had done, and when he recalled to mind Ethel Vivian's fair girlish face, her soft violet eyes, and her charming air of truthful frankness, he was not nearly so indignant as he had been a few hours before at the thought of little Mrs. Manning's match-making propensities, though he smiled at the thought of having lost his heart.

With this smile still upon his lips, Carlyon looked up from his work at the sound of the room being thrown open, and suddenly found himself face to face with Stephen Helsford, who rushed in and seized him warmly by the hand.

"At last!" exclaimed Carlyon, unable to repress a start of surprise.

"My dear fellow," cried Helsford, with unusual heartiness of manner, "I saw your advertisement and hastened back."

"I have been expecting you for weeks past," said Carlyon; "the advertisement has appeared several times."

"I have been ill—off my head, in fact," said Helsford, dropping wearily into a chair. "I only saw the advertisement yesterday, quite by chance, in a back number of the Times."

Carlyon was rather startled by Helsford's appearance; he looked thin, pale, and haggard.

"What has been the matter?" he asked.

"I went straight to Antwerp the day after I met you, and was laid up immediately. I got there," explained Helsford. "I suppose the illness was upon me before I started—a kind of low fever. No doubt it was brought about by worry and anxiety."

"You are not looking particularly bright even now," remarked Carlyon.

"Oh, I'm all right now!" said Helsford lightly. "Your advertisement had a magical effect. But tell me," he added eagerly, "what is the meaning of the mystery. I can't guess for the life of me?"

Carlyon briefly explained. His manner was not particularly cordial, for it seemed to him that Helsford's conduct in fleeing the country had been rather contemptible.

Helsford appeared to be greatly surprised and touched by his uncle's eccentric generosity. After giving utterance to sundry expressions of amazement, he rose abruptly from his chair, and went and stood for a moment silently at the window with his back to Carlyon.

"I've half a mind to go down and thank the old boy," he said presently, turning round and strolling back to his seat. "I don't suppose he would see me, but I should like to show that I am grateful."

"It would be of no use your going to Stretton," said Carlyon.

"I suppose not; but I can write."

"I mean because your uncle has gone abroad."

"Gone—gone abroad!"—blankly.

"Yes, with his nurse."

"What nurse, pray?"

"A professional nurse who came to attend him. She seems to be a determined young woman; she declared that your uncle required change of air and scene, and carried him off. I have no doubt she is quite right."

Helsford seemed fairly amazed by this news, and could scarcely believe it. Carlyon told him all he knew about it, which was not much.

"Do you know where he has gone?" inquired Helsford.

"I heard, but I do not remember," answered Carlyon. "Somewhere in France."

"France?"

"Yes—Normandy."

"Well, it is no affair of mine," said Helsford, after a pause. "It seems rather sudden. He has a nurse, you say? I hope she is not one of those harpies who bully their patients."

"I shouldn't think your uncle was the kind of patient to be bullied," said Carlyon, smiling.

"Nor I; but then I never thought he would come down with three thousand pounds, especially after treating me as he did," said Helsford pensively. "I wonder who this young nurse is? You said she was young, didn't you?" he added.

"Not old, certainly, or even middle-aged. I saw her for a moment at the Stretton Station. She seemed from her dress to belong to some nursing sisterhood. Judging from appearances, she is rather a superior sort of young woman."

Carlyon answered rather absently. He had not yet said a word about Ethel Vivian, and felt an unaccountable reluctance to do so. He though it odd that Helsford made no inquiry about her.

"Have you been to your chambers?" he asked.

"Yes, I have just come from there."

"Did you get your letters?"

"I saw no letters."

"Oh, I forgot! I locked them up in a drawer for safety. But didn't your landlady tell you——"

"My landlady was out. What is up now?"

"I am sorry to inform you of the death of your aunt, Mrs. Vivian."

"Poor old lady!" exclaimed Helsford, looking genuinely concerned. "That is since I have been away, I suppose?"

"Yes; and your cousin came up to town yesterday."

"What, Ethel?"

"Yes."

Carlyon proceeded to relate the circumstances of Ethel Vivian's arrival, and told how he had taken her down to Stretton to the Mannings. Helsford asked a good many questions about his cousin, and the interest he evinced was absurdly irritating to Carlyon.

"My dear Carlyon, how can I thank you sufficiently for all you have done for me?" cried Helsford fervently. "I shall never forget that you have saved my reputation. It was really awfully good of you to look after my little cousin."

"It was certainly rather lucky that I happened to be in the way when Miss Vivian called," said Carlyon, embarrassed by these expressions of gratitude.

"She managed to procure uncle's address then?" observed Helsford, rising from his chair.

"Yes, after some difficulty with the old fool in charge of Clive Lodge."

"Then she has probably communicated with him by this time?"

"No doubt."

"I must go down and see her. I dare say she is a pretty girl by this time. Bless me, she must be nineteen or twenty!"

"Miss Vivian is certainly good-looking," Carlyon admitted.

"I've got a heap of things to do," resumed Helsford. "Let me see—to-day is Wednesday. I might run down to Stretton on Saturday. I want to renew acquaintance with my cousin. Are you disposed to accompany me, Carlyon?"

"What, on Saturday? No," answered Carlyon bluntly.

"Well, you can think it over. I shall see you between this and then. Good-bye for the present! A thousand thanks, old fellow!"

With another warm shake of the hand, Helsford hurried away, and Carlyon resumed his work in rather a sullen mood. He felt vexed with Helsford, without exactly knowing why, and liked him less after their interview than he had previously supposed. It consoled him to reflect that though he had rendered Helsford some service there was no occasion to become intimate with him, and he resolved to keep out of his way for the future.

That same evening a rather singular

coincidence occurred. Carlyon happened to be dining at the house of a Mr. Bold, an old solicitor in good practice, who was one of his best clients, and during dessert his host, by way of making conversation, inquired of him where he had spent his Christmas vacation.

"I went into Norfolk, to a place called Bilstone," answered Carlyon.

"Never heard of it," remarked his host.

"It is only a village. The nearest town is Stretton," exclaimed Carlyon.

"Stretton? Oh, yes, I know Stretton! I have a client living there. Do you know the name of Helsford?"

"I do indeed!" exclaimed Carlyon, startled at the question.

"What do you know of him?" inquired the lawyer curiously.

"Nothing particular," answered Carlyon. "Isn't he an old gentleman, and an invalid?"

"That is he. Clive Lodge, I think, is the name of his house."

"I saw him when I was down there," said Carlyon. "I traveled down on Christmas Eve with his nephew, a friend of mine, who was going to see him."

"Was that Stephen Helsford?" inquired Mr. Bold.

"Yes, we belong to the same club."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Bold, with an enigmatical shake of the head.

"Old Mr. Helsford has just gone abroad for change of air and scene," said Carlyon.

"Indeed—has he? He has a dreadful malady, poor fellow!" remarked the lawyer, sipping his wine.

"He has gone away in charge of a nurse, and Stephen Helsford, who was with me this afternoon, seemed rather afraid of the woman obtaining an undue influence over him," said Carlyon.

"Such things do happen," observed the lawyer. "However, I don't think my client would do anything foolish behind my back. I have his will in my custody."

"I told Stephen Helsford that his uncle did not seem the kind of person to be bullied," said Carlyon, with a laugh.

"I think our friend Stephen may make his mind easy. It is true that for the past few years I have not seen my client, but his letters show an indication that he is still capable of taking care of himself," said the lawyer, smiling. "Will you help yourself to claret, Carlyon, and pass it *on?*" *he added.*

One of the other guests here interposed a remark, and the conversation became general. Carlyon however soon relapsed into silence, for the unexpected mention of the name of Helsford reminded him of Ethel Vivian, whose violet eyes and witching smile continued to haunt him for the remainder of the evening.

CHAPTER V.

EUSTACE CARLYON was the victim of an acute attack of love at first sight. It took him three days however to realize the meaning of the premonitory symptoms which rendered him so restless, irritable and dissatisfied. His work seemed suddenly to have grown irksome, his pleasures palled, and he was possessed by a ridiculous longing to receive a letter from the Mannings. He continued to be interested in Stephen Helsford's affairs, contrary to his intention, and he even went out of his way to hunt up his friend at the club. Helsford adhered to his proposal of going down to Stretton on the Saturday, but Carlyon still refused to accompany him. He might have consented if Helsford had been urgent, but he was not, and Carlyon felt unreasonably aggrieved.

When Saturday arrived Carlyon was in a most irritable mood; he rang up his landlady, and found fault with his breakfast for the first time in that worthy person's experience of him. At chambers he vented his ill humor upon his unfortunate clerk, but this was before he had opened the letters upon his table, one of which quickly soothed his ill-temper. It ran thus—

"My dear Eustace—What delightful weather for this time of year! It is really quite spring-like to-day. Can I persuade you to come down to-morrow and stay till Monday? We shall be delighted to see you. Telegraph. Yours sincerely,

"HARRIET MANNING.

"P. S.—E. V. is charming; we all love her."

On the other side of the leaf was scrawled in the parson's boyish handwriting—

"Bring me half a pound of bird's-eye. —P. M."

Carlyon did not hesitate a moment about accepting the invitation; he despatched a telegram immediately, and sent off his clerk for the tobacco. It was at this juncture that his condition dawned upon him. He asked him, in a lucid moment, what was the reason of his eagerness to go down to Stretton, and his heart gave the faltering answer.

Though rather startled at first by this discovery, Carlyon accepted the situation with tolerable calmness; he was mildly surprised at himself, but not seriously angry. It was a consolation, at all events, to have diagnosed his disorder, and he would now be on his guard against rash impulses. To have fallen in love was dangerous, but not necessarily fatal. The momentous question of marriage was still a remote contingency.

Carlyon was in the best of spirits when he met Helsford at Liverpool Street Station in time for the mid-day train. Helsford was naturally surprised to see him.

"Hallo! You said you wouldn't come!" he exclaimed.

"Well, the fact is that Mrs. Manning wrote and asked me, and I didn't like to refuse," said Carlyon.

"Are you going to stay with them?"

"No; I shall put up at the 'Crown' and keep you company."

Carlyon fancied that Helsford did not look altogether pleased at his having changed his mind. However, Helsford was genial and light-hearted, and seemed to have recovered his health and spirits. He was one of those men who have the knack of dressing well and looking well-dressed. Carlyon felt suddenly conscious of appearing at a disadvantage by the side of his friend, and this fact, which had never troubled him before, now caused him an envious pang.

In the course of a casual conversation Carlyon mentioned the coincidence of his knowing old Mr. Helsford's solicitor.

"What, old Bold?" queried Stephen Helsford.

"Yes; he is a client of mine."

"Indeed!" said Helsford, with evident interest.

"He is a very good old fellow," remarked Carlyon.

"I dare say. A fussy old busybody, as most family solicitors are," said Helsford rather sharply. "What did he say about my uncle?"

"Nothing particular. He mentioned that he was a client."

"*Did you tell him the old boy* had gone on the Continent?" asked Helsford.

"Yes."

"Didn't he think it a strange proceeding?" inquired Helsford curiously.

"Oh, no! As to your idea of this nurse's getting the upper hand of the old gentleman——"

"Oh, you suggested that, did you?" interposed Helsford.

"He said your uncle was not at all likely to do anything rash behind his solicitor's back," continued Carlyon; "and he mentioned that he had your uncle's will in his possession."

"Oh, has he?" said Helsford, with a quick glance. "Well, I'm glad of that; not that it matters to me," he added, with a laugh. "You may bet your life that I'm not down in it."

"Of course he told me nothing whatever about the contents of the will," said Carlyon stiffly.

"I suppose the will could be revoked by my uncle while it still remained in Bold's hands?" asked Helsford, after smoking in silence for a few minutes.

"Certainly," said Carlyon.

"Suppose, after all, my uncle were to die intestate?" interrogated Helsford after another pause.

"What if he did?" said Carlyon rather impatiently.

"Well, you are a lawyer; what would become of the property in that event?"

"It would go to the heir at-law, or be divided amongst the next of kin, according to its nature," answered Carlyon.

"That would be an uncommonly good thing for me," said Helsford, with a laugh; "but, whatever he does, the old boy will take care that that sha'n't happen."

"I wonder whether your cousin has heard from him?" remarked Carlyon.

"We shall see," said Helsford rather shortly.

"I suppose he is certain to provide a home for her?" said Carlyon.

"Yes, I fancy so," returned Helsford thoughtfully; "it was an old promise."

"Is your cousin a favorite of his?" asked Carlyon, with a keen desire to draw out Helsford on the subject of Ethel Vivian.

"No, not particularly," said Helsford, with another of his quick glances. "I dare say she is down in his will for a legacy; but, by all accounts, the bulk of his money will go to some distant relatives, whom, I believe, the old boy has never set eyes on, and perhaps will never see."

Helsford changed the subject abruptly after saying this, and Carlyon could not determine whether he was intentionally reticent concerning his cousin. He certainly never mentioned her name of his own accord, and could not easily be induced to talk about her; but it was quite possible, thought Carlyon, that his silence was the natural result of their relationship.

When they reached Stretton they were greeted by the good-natured parson, who looked a little disconcerted at seeing Helsford.

"I did not know your friend was coming," he remarked, aside.

"He came of his own accord, wishing to renew acquaintance with his cousin," explained Carlyon. "Of course we don't intend to quarter ourselves upon you at the Vicarage," he hastened to add. "I know your accommodation is limited, and we shall stay at the 'Crown.'"

"It had been arranged," said the parson knowingly, "that you should drive back with Ethel in the pony-chaise."

"Oh, is Miss Vivian here?" inquired Carlyon, conscious of blushing.

"She is outside in the trap. How shall we manage?"

Helsford strolled up at that moment, and a friendly discussion ensued, which resulted in an arrangement that he and Carlyon should, since they insisted, stay at the "Crown," and that Mr. Manning should dine with them there that evening. Meanwhile they were all to go up to the Vicarage to afternoon tea.

When they emerged from the station, they found Ethel Vivian seated in the pony-chaise outside, looking prettier than ever, Carlyon thought, owing to the bright color in her cheeks, which heightened considerably at their approach. The young lady greeted him in a frank and friendly manner, like an old acquaintance; but she was evidently much more impressed by the unexpected arrival of her cousin. She gave a little cry of pleased surprise at seeing him, and submitted blushingly but without shrinking to the embrace, half-paternal, half-admiring, which Helsford bestowed upon her.

The parson seemed anxious that Carlyon should take the seat in the pony-chaise beside Ethel, having apparently received orders to that effect; but Carlyon hung back, partly from diffidence, and partly from sulkiness, caused by the girl's evident pleasure at meeting her cousin. The result was that Helsford, without much pressing, consented to occupy the coveted position, and drove off in high good-humor.

"Well, it wasn't my fault," remarked the parson, as he and Carlyon followed leisurely on foot. "You must explain to Harriet."

"Of course, as Helsford is a stranger I was bound to give up the seat to him," said Carlyon, rather crestfallen.

"At all events we can smoke now, and that is a comfort," said the parson, with a sigh of relief. "I'm dying for a pipe! Not that Ethel would have objected. I say, old fellow, she is charming. 'Pon my word, I don't know when I've met such a nice girl. There's no nonsense or affectation about her."

"Has she heard from her uncle?" inquired Carlyon.

"No; it takes a day or two, I suppose, to get an answer to a letter to Normandy," answered the parson, puffing at his pipe. "Anyhow we are not anxious for Ethel to leave. Harriet has taken quite a fancy to her on her own account as well as on yours, old fellow."

Carlyon did not respond to this remark, but hastened to talk about the state of the country. His fear that Helsford was his rival had revived, and the proceedings at the Vicarage did not tend to reassure him. Helsford had evidently made good use of his opportunities during the drive from the station, for he and his cousin were on a pleasantly familiar footing, and the girl seemed pleased and flattered by Helsford's attentions. Little Mrs. Manning was manifestly concerned at the state of affairs; she looked appealingly at Carlyon more than once during the afternoon, as though to warn him that he must not allow his friend to monopolize the young lady. But Carlyon was silent and depressed, while Helsford was in a particularly happy mood, bright, lively, and amusing.

When the men were preparing to start for the town, the parson's wife contrived to draw Carlyon aside.

"What is the matter?" she inquired.

"Nothing," said Carlyon.

"Why did you bring the other?"

"You mean Helsford?"

"Of course."

"I didn't bring him; he came," said Carlyon rather shortly. "Why shouldn't he?"

"I should not bring him the next time," remarked Mrs. Manning meaningly.

"You have invited him here to-morrow," retorted Carlyon. "Besides, what does it matter?"

"My dear Eustace, it is nothing," said little Mrs. Manning soothingly. "It is only a cousinly flirtation. Why are you so foolish? You have only to be yourself."

"Don't imagine I want to enter the lists against Helsford," said Carlyon, with a forced air of indifference.

"The prize is worth striving for. She is as good as she is charming."

"I dare say," said Carlyon, endeavoring to look unconcerned, but reddening uncomfortably. "Do not distress yourself on my account, Mrs. Manning. I'm not in the running."

"You haven't 'scratched' already!" said Mrs. Manning, playfully pursuing the simile.

"I never entered," said Carlyon, with auspicious eagerness.

Mrs. Manning shook her finger at him and laughed musically.

"Never mind; there is no harm done. At what time will you come over to-morrow?"

"We shall walk over in time for early dinner."

"Nonsense! You must come to morning service."

"Helsford won't get up."

"Then let him have his sleep out and come alone."

Carlyon laughingly acquiesced. His ill-humor was not proof against Mrs. Manning's pleasant banter. Moreover, he felt flattered and inspirited by the fact that the parson's wife evidently did not regard the rivalry of his friend as an insurmountable obstacle. Constantly his spirits improved wonderfully during the walk back to Stretton, and he contrived to spend a very jovial evening with the parson and Helsford at the "Crown" inn.

CHAPTER VI.

CARLYON started off early the next morning for Bilstone, as arranged with Mrs. Manning. He had announced his intention in an off-hand manner to Helsford as they were retiring to rest on the previous night. Helsford had decided to rise at so early an hour, saying he preferred to walk over alone later on. Carlyon arrived at the Vicarage in a contended frame of mind, which rendered the task of making himself agreeable quite easy. To add to his satisfaction, Ethel Vivian received him with a pretty air of demureness which would bear a flattering construction. Probably Mrs. Manning had deemed it advisable to smooth the way for him by hinting at his admirtion, and had attributed the pink flush upon Ethel Vivian's cheeks to tender emotion, and was enchanted.

The parson came in presently from his small conservatory, and greeted his friend with a transparent appearance of astonishment.

"Hallo, Eustace!" he cried. "Who would have thought of seeing you so early?"

"I've come in order to go to church," said Carlyon gravely.

"Delighted to hear it, my boy! I appreciate the compliment. I perceive that my eloquence in the pulpit is gaining me renown."

"Have you told Eustace that you have had a letter from Ethel's uncle?" interposed Mrs. Manning hurriedly, observing Carlyon's embarrassment.

"I received a letter by this morning's post," said the parson, looking slyly at his friend. "I am sorry to say that Ethel is to leave us at once."

"Really!" exclaimed Carlyon, with involuntary concern.

"Peter! How can you be so stupid!" cried Mrs. Manning angrily. "Show Eustace the letter."

The parson, chuckling at his tactless humor, handed the letter to Carlyon, who was glad to hide his confusion by turning aside as he read it. It was written by the nurse, Ann Newton, at Mr. Helsford's dictation, and the purport of it was to propose that Ethel Vivian should be allowed to remain at the Vicarage for a short time until her uncle's health improved, when he would either take her to live with him or make some permanent arrangement. The letter was not particularly courteous, especially the blunt offer of payment for the young lady's board and lodging, on

account of which a substantial cheque was enclosed, the parson's acquiescence being evidently taken for granted.

"Well?" ejaculated Carlyon eagerly, as he returned the letter.

"Of course Ethel remains," said Mrs. Manning, with decision.

"Yes, we may consider that is settled," added the parson heartily.

"You know the condition, dear Mrs. Manning?" said Ethel, looking up.

"Peter's scruples are absurd," returned Mrs. Manning. "You know, my dear, that you are welcome to stay here as our guest as long as you please; but since your uncle offers to pay for you I see no reasons why we should refuse to take the money. He can afford it."

"Certainly," said Carlyon.

"Besides," continued little Mrs. Manning, looking at her husband, "everybody knows that we are not millionaires."

"We are painfully conscious of the fact ourselves, my love," said the parson, with his jovial laugh; "still we can afford to entertain a guest occasionally. However, have your own way. My dear, I can now afford to buy Wrottesley's cob."

With this comforting reflection the parson placidly pocketed the cheque, and started off to his Sunday school. Mrs. Manning followed him out of the room, and Carlyon then discovered, with a start, that he and Ethel were left alone. He was immediately incapacitated by an unaccountable attack of nervousness.

"Where is my cousin?" inquired Miss Vivian, after an awkward pause.

"At the 'Crown,'" he inquired. "He was not up when I left."

"How shockingly lazy!" exclaimed Ethel, laughing.

"Are you disappointed that I came alone?" asked Carlyon, clumsily enough.

Ethel Vivian raised her clear eyes to his face with rather a puzzled expression.

"Disappointed!" she exclaimed. "Well, I cannot say that I am; but I shall be very glad to see Stephen when he comes."

"I did not understand from what you said to me the other day that you and your cousin were——"

"Were what?" inquired Ethel, as he checked himself abruptly.

"Well, I thought you had seen very little of him," said Carlyon desperately; "that you appear to know each other very well."

"He is, next to my uncle, my nearest relative," said Ethel, blushing slightly. "He is very kind, and I think him very handsome and agreeable—don't you?"

"Yes, certainly," said Carlyon, biting his lip.

"You are a great friend of his, are you not?" inquired the girl innocently.

"Not a great friend. In fact, until recently we were barely acquainted," said Carlyon quite savagely.

Ethel Vivian did not appear to resent his tone, as Carlyon had feared she might; she merely expressed mild surprise and seemed quite unmoved. Whether this was a good or a bad sign Carlyon could not determine; he was mentally asking himself the question when Mrs. Manning reappeared.

Carlyon accompanied the ladies to church, but he did not pay much attention to the service; he was chiefly occupied with endeavoring to solve the problem of the precise nature of Ethel Vivian's regard for her cousin.

After church Helsford arrived, looking, as his cousin said of him, very handsome and agreeable. Carlyon, stimulated by the friendly championship of Mrs Manning, did not suffer himself to be eclipsed as completely as he had been the previous day; but it was evident that Helsford was the more favored suitor. Even Mrs. Manning could not help noting the ominous fact, and she took an opportunity in the course of the afternoon of questioning Carlyon rather closely about his friend. Carlyon was staunch enough to conceal what he knew to Helsford's disadvantage, and contented himself with professing ignorance of his rival's antecedents and pursuits.

"You should be frank with me, Eustace," Mrs. Manning at length said reproachfully. "I really know hardly anything about him," returned Carlyon.

"I am sure he is not honest," said Mrs. Manning, with conviction.

"Not honest!" exclaimed Carlyon.

"I mean as regards Ethel. I have watched him. His studied attentions are not prompted by his heart."

"They appear to succeed in their object, at all events, said Carlyon rather bitterly.

"Ethel is young and inexperienced; she cannot see that he has a bad face," said Mrs. Manning.

"A bad face?"

"Yes; he is handsome, I admit, but there is something in his face which makes me distrust him. I must find out all about him, as you will tell me nothing."

"What do you expect to find out?" inquired Carlyon curiously. "I can answer for it that he is not a rogue, else he would not have been elected to the club."

"He may not be a pickpocket," answered Mrs. Manning, laughing; "but you men are so extremely lenient in your judgments upon one another that your opinions are not trustworthy!"

Though it was evident that Mrs. Manning had conceived a strong prejudice against Helsford, she did not betray her sentiments in her manner towards him.

Helsford was loud in his praises of Mrs. Manning when he and Carlyon journeyed back to town by the evening train. He was also pleased to declare that the parson was an excellent fellow, and commended the arrangement his uncle had made that his cousin should, for the present, reside with the Mannings. His satisfaction on this score gave Carlyon a fresh pang, for it suggested that Helsford was glad that Ethel was located where he would have opportunities of seeing her. Helsford was less reticent about his cousin than he had previously been, for when Carlyon spoke of her he said—

"She is a dear little girl. It is quite like a romance."

"What is?"

"Our meeting after all these years. When she was in short frocks I used to swear I would marry her one of these days."

"Are you going to carry out the idea?" inquired Carlyon nervously, with a throbbing pulse.

"I might do worse," returned Helsford pensively.

"I did not know you were a marrying man," said Carlyon almost rudely.

"I shall marry and settle down one of these days. After you with that light!"

"Your cousin has no money, I believe," said Carlyon rather disingenuously.

"Not a sou," said Helsford, puffing at his cigar. "That is where the shoe pinches. One must live."

"Is that the only obstacle?" inquired Carlyon, with assumed carelessness.

Helsford laughed, but made no answer; he evidently felt no doubt of gaining his cousin's affections. It struck Carlyon as particularly ominous that his friend seemed totally to ignore the possibility of a rival. Carlyon overlooked the fact that there had been nothing in his own demeanor towards the young lady to give rise to suspicions of his sentiments; he possessed in an eminent degree the characteristic of appearing outwardly always calm and unmoved.

When Helsford alighted at his own door from the hansom cab which he and Carlyon had shared from the railway-station he looked back and said—

"By the-bye, what is my uncle's address? Pont des Puits, Calvados, Normandy, isn't it?"

"Yes; Rue de la Monarchie, I fancy. I forget the number."

"I think I shall run over there," said Helsford, loitering on the pavement.

"Why?"

"Well, I can't help believing that the old chap must be softened a bit towards me. His sending that money was an extraordinary piece of generosity. I think it is the duty of any man to endeavor to become reconciled to a rich uncle."

"I hope you will succeed," said Carlyon, who nevertheless was rather disgusted at the other's flippant tone.

"Besides, I should like to see what sort of a person this nurse is. I always distrust the influence of nurses, priests, and doctors over an invalid. Well, good night, old chap!" he added, rousing himself. "I dare say I shall run down to Stretton again when I return. My cousin will be glad to hear the result of my visit."

* * * * * *

Helsford apparently decided to carry out without delay his project of endeavoring to make peace with his uncle, for the very next evening he called upon Carlyon to tell him that he was going to start for Pont des Puits on the to morrow.

"I called at the Nursing Institute this morning," he said, "and made inquiries about the nurse."

"About your uncle's nurse?"

"Yes. She comes from a well-known Institution or Home for trained nurses," said Helsford.

"How did you find out where she came from?" inquired Carlyon, innocently enough.

"How did I find out?" repeated Helsford quite sharply. "What a fellow you are for asking questions, Carlyon! If you must know, I described to one or two people the sort of dress you said the woman wore, and somebody suggested from the description that she probably came from this Institution."

"Well, what about her?" said Carlyon, rather resenting Helsford's manner.

"Oh, she appears to be all right," replied Helsford carelessly. "The Lady-Superior—or whatever she calls herself—gave her an excellent character—said she was most trustworthy, clever, and the rest of it. Nevertheless I shall go and judge for myself."

"How did you account for your curiosity to the people at the Institution?" asked Carlyon.

"I gave my name, and did not disguise what I had on my mind," said Helsford in his off-hand way. "The old lady was inclined to be indignant at my questions at first, but she told me what I wanted to know. I think admiration at my anxiety for my uncle's welfare overcame her resentment," he added, with a laugh.

"When will you be back?" inquired Carlyon, as Helsford moved towards the door.

"Oh, I don't know! There is no hurry—and yet I don't suppose I shall want to stay over there. Perhaps I shall return via Paris, and, if so, I may linger a few days. Are you thinking of going to Norfolk again next Saturday?"

"I! No—why should I?" said Carlyon, embarrassed by the abruptness of the question.

"I thought you might," said Helsford, evidently remarking with surprise his companion's confusion, "and was going to ask you to tell my cousin where I had gone. However, I have no doubt that I shall be back before the end of the week," he added, looking keenly at Carlyon.

With these words Helsford took his departure, leaving Carlyon possessed by an uncomfortable feeling of increasing antipathy and distrust. He was beginning to suspect that, beyond being a man of loose principles, Helsford was also heartless and unscrupulous.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.—"You are fond of novel-reading?" said a Parisian novelist the other day, as he saw the coach man he had engaged stow away a formidable volume of romances beneath the seat. "Yes, sir, I have read a great many novels; and I am disgusted to observe the uniform ignorance of their authors as to the commonest affairs of everyday life. For instance, here is one story in which I read, 'The Prince appeared agitated on hearing these words, and, hailing a carriage, flung himself into it, cast his purse to the driver, and cried, "Drive me to the Faubourg St. Honore!"' Then a few lines farther on I see this: 'Valentine resolved once for all to solve the mystery, and, hurrying to the stand, sprang into the first vehicle that presented itself, and, flinging her pocket book to the coachman, said, "Follow yon carriage!"' Now, sir, I have been driving a hack in Paris for forty years, and I've driven thousands of people—all sorts of people, under all imaginable conditions, eloping lovers, jealous wives, levanting cashiers, and so on; and never in the course of my long professional career has a fare thrown me his or her purse or pocket book. No, sir, they have just given me thirty-five sous; sometimes it was the round two francs, but very rarely."

"TOOLS"—"I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid," writes Oliver Wendell Holmes; "there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper or a king to sit in—never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us—the glorious sun, the imperial moon—are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man; but we do not value these tools a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it. I would rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all on myself before I get a home, and take so much pains with the outside when the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing; but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home; and I would give more for a teaspoonful of real heart-love than for whole ship-loads of furniture and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather."

IN BRAZIL a couple may be married by drinking brandy together.

Bric-a-Brac.

GROG.—"Grog," the sea term for rum-and-water, it may not be generally known, derived its name from Admiral Edward Vernon, who wore grogram breeches, and hence was called "Old Grog." About the year 1745 he ordered his sailors to dilute their rum with water.

THE SPRING.—People born during spring have in general stronger consititutions than those born during the other three seasons. Births and deaths happen more frequently during night than day time, and it may also be added that it is only a quarter of the male population who attain the prescribed age for carrying arms.

A DOG TAILOR.—A dogs' tailor flourishes in Paris. The tailor is a woman, and in her reception-rooms Prince Bow-wow has rugs, water-bowls, and biscuit-jars to refresh him during the trying on process. Here are the daintiest water color pattern-books to choose from, and anything from sealskin to chamois is provided.

THE PARASITIC FIG.—The parasitic fig indigenous to the tropics is an extraordinary plant. Its seeds are distributed by birds, and should one drop and lodge in a tree it will germinate there and send a long root to the ground, whence it can draw nourishment. It then rapidly spreads in growth over the unfortunate tree, which soon dies.

WIFE-BEATERS.—Wife beaters are treated in sensible style in Germany. They are not imprisoned, as in this country, but are arrested every Saturday after they have finished their week's work, and kept in prison until the following Monday. This is done regularly every week until the sentence has expired. The object of course is that the delinquent shall be able to earn money during the week to support his family.

LOOK TO YOUR THIMBLE.—A case of blood poisoning at one of the Berlin hospitals was discovered to be the result of wearing a common metal thimble, with small spots of verdigris on the inside, and a scratched finger. The London Lancet, in commenting on the case, says: "Steel thimbles are much safer and cost very little. Another variety is common use is enameled within and is, if possible, freer from objection." The caution is added that sewing women should never neglect cuts or scratches on the hand as long as dyes are used in the manufacture of cloth.

PROVERBS OF SAVAGES.—The proverbs of savages are shrewd and pithy. The Basutos say, "The thief catches himself;" the Yorubas, "He who injures another injures himself;" Wolofs, "Before healing others, heal yourself." In Accra they say, "Nobody is twice a fool;" among the Oji, "The moon does not grow full in a day," "The poor man has no friends." A Pashto proverb says, "A feather does not stick without gum." Others are—"A crab does not bring forth a bird;" "A razor cannot shave itself;" "Cross the river before you abuse the crocodile;" "Truth is spoken only by a strong man or a fool;" "Perseverance always triumphs;" "The thread follows the needle."

RIDDLES.—Those curious riddles, which all have one answer and are familiar to the people of various parts of France, are quoted in the "Revue des Traditions Populaires." "What goes from Paris to Lyon without moving or taking a step? What goes to Paris without once pausing? I am very long. If I rose up straight, I could touch the sky; if I had arms and legs, I could catch the thief; if I had eyes and mouth, I could tell everything. White, very white, it encircles the earth. If I were not crooked, I could not exist. The queen's carpet, always spread, never folded. What looks very long in the sunshine and has no shadow? What arrives first at the market and first reaches home? Answer, The Road."

BOTANY.—The Chinese, Japanese and Siamese are peculiarly skilful at botanical feats. One of their wonderful achievements is known as the "changeable rose." This bloom is white in the shade and red in the sunlight. After night or in a dark room this curiosity of the rose family is a pure waxy white blossom. When transferred to the open air the transformation immediately steps in, the time of the entire change of the flower from white to the most sanguine of sanguine hues depending on the degree of sunlight and warmth. First the petals take on a kind of washed or faded blue color, and rapidly change to a faint blush of pink. The pink gradually deepens in hue until you find that your lily-white rose of an hour before is as red as the reddest peony that ever bloomed.

DAWN.

BY L. M. W.

Low sobbing waves upon a shadowed shore,
Within the mead a scent of sleeping flowers.
A waning moon behind the hilltop towers,
And darkness darker than it was before.

Great stretch of ocean 'neath a sky of gray,
Within the pearled East a far faint light,
A wind along the grasses on the height;
Below, the distant murmur of the bay.

Now light that trembles o'er the sombre sea,
Pale sky that flushes suddenly to rose,
Then golden bright the sun his glory shows—
And lo! a bird is singing from the lea.

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED).

STEPHEN HARWOOD'S face grew dark, and his thin lips twitched. He seemed to be utterly incapable of speech for a moment, and his hands clenched and unclenched as they pressed on the table.

"I leave my domestic affairs alone, if you please!" he said. "They are no business of yours. My wife left me, with her child, of her own free will—but to business," he broke off harshly. "You and your son want money again. You come to me as you would to any man who has it, to borrow this money. You know how much you owe me already?"

Sir Terence shrugged his shoulders and blinked at the lamp.

"Faith, I can't say I do, to the penny; it must be a large sum, Stephen. I come to you because—well, you offered to lend me money, and well, I don't want the world to know that I am up a tree. You're an old friend, and one of us, and will keep the secret."

"Yes. I am an old friend," said Stephen, "and your secret is safe with me."

He had fallen back and was nursing his chin again, and his eyes wore a cold, calculating expression.

"Does your son know that you have borrowed money of me, and the amount?" he asked after a pause.

"What, Bernard? Oh, well, no!" responded Sir Terence promptly. "No, no; why should he know, poor boy? What the deuce would be the use of making his life miserable? It began before he was old enough to know or understand."

"And you have kept him in ignorance?" said Stephen musingly, his thick brows completely shading his eyes. "Does he know that the entail is cut off—that this money is borrowed on what he considers his inheritance?" There was a covert sneer in the tone in which the question was put that made Sir Terence wince.

"No," he said with a groan, "he doesn't know. Why should I tell him? There's—there's no harm done, is there, Harwood? Times will get better. I can save. I shall be able to clear the estate before I die."

Stephen Harwood looked at the baronet with a grim fixedness.

"I see," he said; "perhaps you are right. So he is quite ignorant, and flings the money in the gutter, in the fine, grand old way? Ah!"

"No, no; he's no worse than—than others. He must live like his companions. What else can he do? Besides, he may marry money."

"Yes, your kind make good fortune-hunters," remarked Stephen Harwood, with a sneer.

Sir Terence's face flushed, and his blue eyes flashed.

"Lucy hadn't a penny," he said, his voice softening as he spoke his dead wife's name.

Stephen Harwood's eyes gleamed, and his teeth bared fiercely.

"No, the fortune—title—hunting was on her side. She threw over plain Stephen Harwood for Sir Terence Yorke, the baronet. There was good reason."

"There was. She loved me, and——"

"Hated me," broke in Harwood, the veins swelling on his forehead. "Enough! I thought that you had come to borrow money, not to insult me."

"I—I beg your pardon," said Sir Terence, rising. "I didn't come to insult you and I did come to borrow money, but——. Yes, by Heavens, I'm sorry I did! I will not ask you again! As for the old scores, I'll pinch and screw, and pay you back."

Harwood's hand went up to his chin again, and he peered covertly at the flushed and indignant face.

"Don't be in a hurry," he said, in a dry voice. "You were a fool to rake up old grudges, to recall the past. I didn't refuse to lend you this money. How much is it?"

Sir Terence thought for a moment. His pride revolted against receiving any further favors from this man, and yet—and yet—Hamlet might, with truth, have said that it is the lack of money that makes cowards of us all!

"I want five thousand pounds, Harwood," he said, reluctantly.

Stephen Harwood looked at him with a grim smile.

"It is well I am a rich man," he said.

"Thank your stars for it, and try and be happy," said Terence, like an Irishman.

Stephen Harwood bit his lip.

"My chance of happiness fled years ago," he said. "But you shall have the money." He rose, and unlocking a safe, took out a cheque book and a roll of parchment. He filled in the cheque slowly and methodically, then opened the parchment and inserted a line in a blank space, blotted it carefully, and held out the quill-pen to Sir Terence.

"Sign here," he said.

Sir Terence took the pen and bent over the parchment.

"What is it?" he asked, with the pen to the paper.

"A mortgage deed; the old one," said the other impassively. "I left blank spaces for the insertion of any other sums you might want; you see I knew you well enough to be sure that you would come to me again."

"Aye!" said Sir Terence, with a sigh. "What's the amount, Harwood—the sum total?"

Stephen Harwood knit his brows.

"I don't remember," he said; "I can add it up if you like."

"Oh, faith, it doesn't matter," said Sir Terence, almost gaily. "Knowing it won't lessen it. I'll pay you back as soon as I can; luck will change presently, and the poor devils of farmers will be able to pay their rents."

"I daresay," said Howard. He took the deed, scanned Sir Terence's hastily-written signature, and pointed to the cheque.

"Take it," he said. "I was going to say take care of it; but that would be a waste of words. You will want more presently, I know. However, that is no business of mine."

Sir Terence put the cheque in his pocket. His happy temperament was already re-asserting itself. Like a cork, he was bobbing on the top of Life's stream again.

"Thanks, thanks, Harwood," he said, extending his hand and wringing Harwood's cold claw. "Your bark's worse than your bite. You are a good fellow. Lord! neither you nor I can forget the days when we were boys, merry, merry boys, together. I wish you could see my boy Bernard! You'd like him! Gad, you couldn't help it. He'd win the heart out of a stone. Well, well"—as Stephen Harwood drew his hand away sharply—"never mind. Some day, perhaps."

Stephen Harwood sank back in his chair and glowered at the departing figure—the still supple, jaunty figure.

"Forget! No!" he muttered. "Forget that you robbed me of the woman I loved, that you turned the sweet of my life to bitterness. Forget! No! Unless you could restore her to me, restore the hope and happiness you robbed me of when you stole her from me. My turn is coming, Terence Yorke! The day of reckoning is approaching, and quickly! Then—then I can pay you back the old score you talk so lightly of—you and the cub you flaunt in my face! Yes, my turn is coming and you will learn then that I have forgotten nothing!"

Sir Terence jumped into a hansom, and went back to the hotel, dressed with his usual care, and strolled down to the Corinthians to meet Bernard. His face was beaming with an infectious smile, his eyes shining brightly, and he hummed an air from "The Mascotte." People looked at him as he tripped along, swinging his stick, a flower in his buttonhole, and smiled in sympathy with the happy, handsome old man.

Bernard had asked one or two men to dine with them; some of them old friends of his father, some of them younger men: Sir Terence and the youngsters always got on together, for he was as youthful as most of them, notwithstanding his age.

"Hallo, Bernie!" he exclaimed, laying his hand on Bernard's shoulder, and pressing it affectionately, "here I am, up to time, I hope. Ah, Grandison! And here's Gore, too. How are you all? Delighted to see you! Well, well, how jolly this is!"

He was the life of the party. There was no shadow on his brow of the cloud that had rested there so heavily during his interview with Stephen Harwood. He was as full of anecdotes as an egg is full of meat; wit of the rare old kind sparkled in his epigrams, and made the lads catch something of his delicate humor. It was the merriest, most delightful little party, thanks to him, and one that was remembered by every member of it.

Bernard looked on with all a young man's natural pride in such a father; and it was touching to see how, now and again, Sir Terence's love for him would show itself by some word of affection, some touch of the hand or gesture as he addressed him.

Sir Terence went into the card-room and got some whist, and there presently Bernard came to him.

"I met Lady Barkley after I left you, father, and she wants you to look in at her hop to night."

"Eh?" said Sir Terence. "Well——"

He was enjoying his whist, and hesitated, with a whimsical look on his face.

"I promised for you, sir," said Bernard.

"You did? Right, my boy," said Sir Terence immediately, "after this rubber. Sorry to go, Grandison, but my boy's word is my own."

Arm in arm, they walked from the Corinthians to Lady Barkley's, and Sir Terence was at once plunged into a group of old and new friends. Bernard sauntered round, talking to one and another, but presently got a partner and danced. Half-an-hour later Lady Winshire and Felicia entered.

The latter glanced round the rooms as women do when they are seeking for someone covertly. She saw Bernard, and their eyes met. He went up to her at once.

She tried to keep the tell tale color from her face, the light from her eyes, and endeavored to greet him coldly, but her voice faltered.

"Will you give me a dance?" he said.

"Presently, perhaps," she said. "I have only just come in; and we shall not stay long, the countess is tired."

He sat down beside her. Her fan fluttered to and fro, keeping time with the rapid beating of her heart. Suddenly she said—

"Who is that handsome old man there, standing by the door laughing, with all those people round him?"

"That is my father," said Bernard. "But he is not old. He is only four-and-twenty! I'll bring him to you. May I?"

"Do," she said.

Sir Terence came up, was introduced, made his courtly bow, sat down in the seat Bernard vacated for him, and began to talk to her as only he could talk—with that mixture of knightly deference and reverential admiration of which our fathers knew the art so well, but which we, their unworthy sons, alas! have quite lost.

She led him on to talk of Bernard. He did not require much leading; and, as Sir Terence sang his son's praises, he happened to glance up at her face, and, catching the intent, rapt expression in her eyes, faltered for a moment; for he knew the expression well enough. Bernard came up after awhile to claim his dance.

"Ah!" said Sir Terence with a sigh, and an odd, wistful glance at the beautiful face; "I wish I could change places with him, Miss Dameral. There are times when the remembrance that we have lost our youth makes us old men feel like tearing the few hairs we've got left." And his hands went up to his abundant hair.

Felicia held out her hand.

"You shall change places with him if you like, Sir Terence," she said.

He shook his head dolefully.

"It wouldn't be fair—to him," he said, whimsically.

She laughed softly, and put her head on Bernard's arm.

Sir Terence looked after them.

"Pity, pity!" he murmured with a sigh. "She's as beautiful as an angel, and loves him. If she'd only got the money!"

As Bernard and he walked back to the hotel, he linked his arm in Bernard's and pressed it.

"Touching that two thousand, Bernie," he said. "It's all right."

"Thanks, sir." said Bernard, returning the pressure. "You are always good to me! Thanks!"

"Tush! There's no talk of goodness between you and me, my boy. While I've a penny left" ("of my own or anybody else's," he might have added,) "it's yours. I'll send you a cheque before I go home to-morrow. I'll make it for two thousand five hundred; you'll want a little ready cash, dear boy."

"Are you sure you can spare it?" asked Bernard, but quite easily, and with no suspicion of the truth. He had always had what money he wanted for the asking.

"Quite, quite," said Sir Terence, and he did not even sigh to himself. "The money's all right. Good-night, dear laddie. I'll be off before you're stirring to-morrow. Good-night. And, Bernie"—he looked into Bernard's handsome eyes, his own grown unusually grave—"you'll not forget your promise to me? No engagement without coming to me first, eh?"

"Of course, sir," said Bernard, wringing his hand. "Good-night and good-bye!"

CHAPTER VIII.

ON the afternoon of the following day Nance was sitting at her work. The sun was sinking slowly behind the houses of the rich in the aristocratic West, and casting a mellow glow of light upon the river and the trees along its banks. The day had been warm, and Nance was tired of the small room, the trying work, the loneliness which she had suddenly grown to realize since yesterday.

It would be pleasant to walk along by the river to get away, if she could, from her own thoughts, from the vague aching of wistful restlessness which at intervals all through the day had forced her to stop at her work and wrapped her in a dream.

A walk was Nance's only recreation. She had no companions of her own sex and age; no friend, indeed, of any kind. Girls of her class occasionally go to the theatre, or some entertainment of a cheap kind; but Nance had never been inside a theatre, or heard a concert, excepting that of the band in the park.

When Mr. Gray had any money to spend he spent it in the "parlor" of his favorite public-house, and he would never have dreamed of taking Nance to any place of amusement. All her life she had been accustomed to go her own way—solitary, alone, and unfriended.

And she made no complaint, was unconscious of the hardship of her life. She even looked forward to the walk by the riverside, and thought herself fortunate if she could spare time for it. Sometimes she was too driven by the work, too tired when it was over, even to indulge in her only recreation.

This afternoon she escaped from the little room with a sigh of relief. Her face was pale with long sitting over the pillow; her eyes ached; but she was not unhappy, notwithstanding the new and strange ache which every now and then came into her heart.

She walked along the kind of parade, beneath the avenue of limes, looking absently, dreamily, at the river, and thinking of Bernard. Would he remember his promise to send her the books? It was very likely he would forget all about it, she thought one moment, the next she felt remorseful for the thought. Had he not come as he had promised? Was he not a gentleman? And gentlemen always kept their word. But had she done right to accept his offer? She had asked herself this question a hundred times during the morning, and it still remained unanswered.

She had not told her father of his visit. Somehow, from no desire of concealment or deception, she had shrunk from mentioning Bernard's name to him. She knew that Mr. Grey would be only too eager to foster an acquaintance with him, and that the first opportunity would be seized to borrow money from him or sell him cigars.

She walked some distance, then sat down on a seat overlooking the silently flowing tide. Some barges were drifting down the river; a pleasure boat, with young men and women singing and laughing, passed swiftly just below her.

Nance looked after them wistfully. How happy they seemed! A sense of her own loneliness smote her, and she turned her eyes away from them with a stifled sigh.

The next moment the aching sense was dispelled as if by magic, for a step came behind her, and a voice said, in a tone of glad surprise—

"Miss Grey, is that you? How lucky I am!"

She rose, and then sank down again. It was he!

Bernard held her hand a moment, looking down at her with a smile—a strange smile of grave earnestness—on his handsome face, a look, half pleading, in his eyes.

Nance could not find her voice, but sat quite silent, looking straight in front of her. The sunlight on the river seemed to have suddenly deepened with a dazzling brightness, and her heart leapt in response to the music of his voice.

"I am awfully lucky," he said. "I called at your house—with the books, you know; the servant said you were out, and I just strolled along here without the least

hope of seeing you. I might have gone the other way, or back to the club."

It was just the speech of conventional kindness which he might have addressed to any lady of his acquaintance; but to Nance the words, the tone, seemed full of intense significance.

"I—I came out for a walk," she said at last, her voice low, her eyes still fixed on the river. "It was hot, and—and I was tired, and I always come this way. It is farther from the city."

"I see," he said. He stood looking down at her for a moment, then "May I sit down?" he asked, in his frank way, but with the deference he would have shown to the noblest lady of his acquaintance.

She moved a little, and he sat down.

"It was very kind of you to bring the books," she said, struggling for self-possession, and getting it after a fashion. "But I am sorry you troubled to bring them yourself."

"It was no trouble," he said, with suppressed eagerness, and glancing at her face to see if she were angry.

How beautiful she was! Was it the reflection of the sunlight that lent the soft tinge of color to the delicate ivory of her face and the deep light to her violet eyes? The golden threads shimmered in the auburn air, the dark lashes looked black as night as they swept her cheek.

"It was no trouble. I"—he laughed the careless laugh of his class—"I have not anything in the world to do, and the books were an excuse——"

She raised her eyes and looked at him half fearfully, half piteously.

—"For a walk. I've brought you two or three novels and a volume of poetry. I hope the last will be worth reading. I don't know anything about it myself," he laughed again. "In fact, I'm a regular ignoramus, I'm afraid. I hope you'll enjoy them, and—and you must be kind enough to let me lend you some more."

Kind enough! Was he mocking her? She glanced up at him. His eyes were bent on her with a serious, intent regard, with an expression which made her heart beat with a strange mixture of fear and pleasure.

"I am sure to like them," she said. "I have read so few books——"

"After all," he said, as if speaking to himself, "I'm not sure that you ought to read much. It isn't change enough from your work. You want to get out and about to take long walks and drives.

She looked at him, not reproachfully, but with a gentle wonder.

"Drives!" she said with a smile. "They are for the rich. I am very poor."

"Forgive me," he said, penitently. "I—I forget. I was thinking that——"

"That you were talking to one of your friends, to some rich lady."

"Yes," he said; and the simple "yes," so full of significance, acknowledging her as an equal, sent the blood to her face.

"You must not forget again," she said, with the soft, low laugh, whose echo he had heard so many times since yesterday.

As she spoke, the boat with its load of young people, still laughing and singing passed up the stream again. She looked at them, and his eyes followed the direction of hers.

"They seem very merry," he said.

"Yes," she said, "I think they must be happy. They have not ceased to laugh and sing for ever so long."

He was silent a moment, then he said, as if a sudden idea had struck him—

"Are you fond of the water?"

"Of the water?" echoed Nance. "Of seeing it, do you mean? Oh, yes, I should not know what to do without the river. It is like a companion, a friend. One can never feel quite lonely while it is near."

He gazed at her with an idle, rich young man's wonder at her simple content.

"Yes? But I meant, do you like going on it—rowing, being rowed?"

"I have never been in a small boat," she replied.

Bernard rose as a soldier rises to the salute.

"Would you like to go for a row?" he asked, with repressed eagerness; "just a little way? It is a lovely evening; the tide has turned, and is flowing up."

She looked at him with startled eyes.

"I—I—? Oh, no, no."

"You say 'no;' but, somehow, I think you mean 'yes,'" he said, with a feigned carelessness. "Just wait a moment."

He strode off to the place where they let boats, and almost before Nance could realize what was happening, she saw him pulling down the stream towards her. Fortunately for him he was in a morning suit of tweed, and wore a bowler hat. He stopped the boat just below her, and with a smile beckoned to her.

"Come along, Miss Grey," he called to her.

Nance rose and walked to the edge of the embankment, and looked down at him hesitatingly. If there had been the least sign of hesitation on his part she would have shaken her head and declined, but as he held the skiff fast by the boat-hook he looked up at her with the frank, confident smile which few women can resist, and she stepped into the boat.

He held her hand tightly till she had gained her seat in the stern, supporting and guiding her with his firm, strong hand.

"There you are! Are you comfortable? Take the tiller lines in your hand. Can you steer? Oh, I beg your pardon, I forgot. Never mind, let them fall, I'll manage."

"No, no!" she said, "I will try."

"Right!" he said, with a short laugh, "I'll teach you. Shall we go up stream or down? Up, I think. Now, pull your right hand rope and I'll turn the boat round. That's it. Why, Miss Grey, you would learn in no time."

She had pulled the wrong rope, of course, but he swung the boat round easily, notwithstanding, and rowed slowly up stream; away from the noisy, crowded, smoky city towards the green meadows and trees of the country.

Nance leant back, her eyes hid behind their long lashes. Was she dreaming? Was she really sitting in a boat opposite him? No, no, it could only be a dream, and she would wake presently to find that she had fallen asleep over her work.

"Do you like it? Jolly isn't it?" he said. "It is just the evening for the river. Capital little boat, and moves like a feather."

They passed the other boat with its merry crew. Nance glanced at them: she envied them no longer.

"This is the sort of thing you ought to go in for, Miss Grey," said Bernard, leaning forward, as he rested on his oars. "I am very glad you have come; are—are you?"

She raised her eyes to his shyly.

"Yes," she murmured. "But are you not tired? Have we not come a long way? Ought we not to be going back?"

Bernard had hard work to repress a smile. Tired! They had only been drifting; and he had been stroke in his college eight!

"I am not at all tired," he said. "And as for going back, why should we go yet? It is quite early; the sun has not set, and the river is improving. After all, there is nothing to touch Father Thames. They talk about the rivers of the Continent—the Danube, the Reuss, and all the rest of them, but there isn't one that can beat ours."

"You have seen them," she said, almost to herself.

He nodded carelessly.

"Yes; and I tell you, Miss Grey, that the view from Westminster Bridge—that's one kind of view—and the Thames up Marlow way—that's another—beat all the rivers of Europe. How fast the tide is running! May I smoke a cigarette?"

Might he smoke a cigarette? It seemed wonderful to her that he should ask. Mr. Grey smoked the strongest of strong shag at all hours, and without asking her permission.

"Oh, yes, yes," she said.

He lit a cigarette, and let himself down to the bottom of the boat, leaning against the thwart in lazy content.

Nance looked at him with as dreamy a content and a nameless joy. He was so near she could, by stretching out her hand, have touched him. The scent of the Turkish tobacco wafted across her face; even in his silence she heard his voice.

And he? A subtle feeling of delight, of peaceful joy took possession of him.

He could see her face; her hair transformed by the sunset's rays into deep red gold; knew that her eyes were dwelling on him.

How beautiful she was! How happy she looked! And it had only taken this commonplace outing on the river to make her so! If he could have his will; if he could only take her far into the country in his dog-cart; if he could take her to a theatre, a concert. He could picture those eyes of hers lighting up, glowing like stars under the influence of the pure fresh air, the subtle magic of the music, and the acting!

And, as he so pictured her pleasure, the longing to arouse it took possession of him, and filled him with an intense longing.

"This must not be our last row, Miss Grey," he said so suddenly that she started. She had been in the land of dreams, her eyes fixed on his face. "You must let me take you farther up the river. You've no idea how beautiful it is."

She trembled. It was so hard to say "No."

Imagine the wanderer dying of thirst in the wilderness turning from the offered draught of water. Imagine the starving wretch refusing the proffered loaf of bread.

"You must, you must," he said, leaning nearer to her, his face turned to hers. "Why shouldn't you? I've nothing in the world to do. And——"

As he spoke, his voice making irresistible music in her ears, a black shape looming darkly in the twilight came suddenly down upon them. It was a barge heavily laden and drifting swiftly with the tide.

Nance saw it before Bernard did, for his eyes were fixed on her face. She did not rise, but uttered a faint cry of warning.

Bernard looked round, saw the barge, and seized the oars.

The bargeman at the helm saw the boat at the same moment and forced the tiller round.

But the action was too late, the barge struck the skiff, and the light boat heeled over perilously.

Nance, unconsciously, rose with outstretched hands.

The barge passed on, leaving behind an atmosphere of profanity, just grazing the boat, which righted itself; but she did not realize that they were saved, and sank back with a faint cry.

The same instant she felt his arms round her, felt her head sinking on his breast, and—

"Nance, Nance, dear Nance!" rang in her ears.

CHAPTER IX.

NANCE, Nance, dear Nance!"

Had he really spoken these words, or had she only dreamed she had heard them in that moment of semi consciousness? Her head rested on his breast; she felt his arms round her, his face touch her hair. It was not fear that made her quiver from head to foot; not fear, for at that moment death would have had no terror for her.

It was but for a moment that passion—the word is too gross—that the spell held her, bound her hand and foot, body and soul; she woke from the dream, if dream it was, and shrank back, her hands to her violet eyes, with a strange dread, a strange appeal, in them, seeking his face.

Bernard still knelt beside her. His face was pale, his dark eyes glowing with a man's tenderness for the woman to whom he has brought peril.

"It is all right," he said, and his voice sounded thick and strained in his own ears. "It is all right! The barge has passed, and no harm is done. Don't be afraid, Miss Grey."

He called her "Miss Grey." Then she must have fancied the "Nance, Nance, dear Nance!"

"I am not frightened," she said in a low voice that quivered as she herself had quivered a moment or so since. "I was afraid, but I am not now.

"It was all my fault," he said.

"No, no," she murmured, woman-like.

"Yes, it was," he said, with keen remorse. "I was not keeping a look-out, as I should have been; I should have seen the beastly thing. It is my fault. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes, oh, yes! But there is nothing to forgive," she said, her hands clasping and unclasping each other, her eyes fixed on the water. "Why didn't the boat turn over? I thought it had done so. I suppose we should have been drowned," she added, with a faint smile.

He jerked the sculls into their place, and laughed shortly, as he pulled a few strokes.

"No, I think not," he said, glancing at the shore, and remembering how he had battled with the waves one day, when he had saved a comrade from what looked certain death if he, Bernard, had not swam with the skull of Leander and the strength of a Hercules. "No, I think not. It isn't much of a swim, and I should have got you to land somehow or——" He paused, and she looked at him waitingly.

"I was going to say, perished in the attempt; but that would be putting too much side on for a little swim like that. No, we shouldn't have been drowned, though I deserve to be; at least, I deserved to be kicked. Are you sure you are not frightened? If you are, you can punish me quite sufficiently by telling me to turn back."

"I am not frightened at all," she said. "But it is getting late."

"No; it isn't," he said. "Let me take you a little farther. It would spoil it to go back now."

She felt that, and sank back quiescent.

He rowed on, pulling hard now, with strong, steady strokes, and the boat went swiftly. Nance let her hand dabble in the water—no woman ever sat in a fast-going boat without trailing her hand—and they sat in silence. Presently he brought up at the edge of some steps, put on his coat, and leapt on shore.

"Wait, say, five minutes," he said, "only five minutes."

He was gone scarcely longer, and returned, carrying a salver with a cup of tea.

"Awfully lucky!" he said. "I found the kettle boiling. You will drink it won't you, Miss Grey? If you had been a man I should have brought a brandy and soda; but tea's the lady's one and only drink on all occasions, isn't it?"

She took the cup, and looked up at him with a blush of surprise and wonder that seemed to Bernard the sweetest, loveliest thing he had ever seen.

"Where did you get it?" she asked, still open eyed.

He jerked his head over his shoulder. "There's an hotel just above," he said, "and I got it." He laughed as he thought of the way in which he had hustled the hotel people—the threats and the bribes by which that speedy cup of tea had been procured. "They're sharp people, and I got 'em to understand I was in a hurry."

She drank the tea slowly, he sitting watching her, and yet not obtrusively, and marvelling at the delicate hand that held the cup, the grace in the curve of her throat, the faint, exquisite color in her face; then he coolly put the cup and salver on the step, and prepared to row away.

Nance gazed at them hesitatingly. "Will—will they find them, will they not be lost?" she ventured.

"Oh, they'll find them right enough," he said, carelessly, with the sublime indifference of the man who has paid enough to compensate for their loss. "Shall we go back now?"

"Yes, yes, please," she said, glancing round her.

He turned the boat and pulled leisurely but strongly down stream, keeping near the bank and out of the current.

"I was going to ask you how you like being on the river, now you have tried it," he said, after a pause. "But it would be a mockery. I suppose you have resolved never to trust yourself in a boat with me again?"

"No—I—I like it very much," she said. "Do you think me such a coward?" She broke off, with a slight smile.

He looked at her with a steady regard, and something shining in the violet eyes made him respond in a tone of intense conviction.

"A coward? No. I should say that you were very brave. Yes."

"And yet I was frightened when the boat nearly upset," she said penitently.

"But only for a moment," he urged, earnestly. "It was so sudden, and that wretched barge must have looked so black and large. I noticed the other night that you did not faint, not really faint, though you were hurt, and the shock must have been awful for you. Most women would have gone into hysterics and made no end of a fuss."

"Would they?" she said, thoughtfully. "I don't know any women——"

"Oh, come," he said; "not any?"

"Not any," she repeatedly quietly, as if surprised by his surprise. "I know no one, see no one, excepting father."

He was silent a moment; her loneliness struck him with all its simple force.

"It must be very dull for you," he said. "I wonder——" He paused.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A HINT TO CRITICS.—A contemporary thus pleasantly satirises a class of writers not unknown amongst us: "Picture of Peasant Girl Stirring the Fire. A rare specimen of rural simplicity. The figure is remarkably graceful, but the poker is rather too stiff. A curvilinear delineation from a right line toward the line of beauty would have given to this useful kitchen utensil a much more picturesque effect. Domenichino, Salvator Rosa, and Michiel Angelo, would have avoided this defect. The chiaroscuro of the tongs, in subdued shadow, is a wonderful effort of art. The shovel, on the contrary, lacks depth and buoyancy."

LISTENING.—How few there are who, after hearing a lecture or sermon, can report it with a fair degree of correctness, even though it may have greatly interested them! A poor memory is pleaded; but the memory itself is largely dependent upon the careful and strict attention of the listener. If it were only for the sake of the pleasure and benefit which would ensue from the wide dissemination of the thoughts which can be given only to small audiences, it would seem well worth while to cultivate assiduously the power of listening attentively and hearing correctly.

THE BOOK-LOVER'S PRAYER.

Oh for a book and a shady nook,
Either indoor or out,
With the green leaves whispering overhead
Or the street cries all about,
Where I may read all at my ease
Both of the new and old,
For a jolly good book whereon to look
Is better to me than gold.

Faces In the Fire.

BY B. T. E.

IT was Christmas Eve, and it was snowing. It had been snowing hard for several days; the ground was covered with a thick white carpet.

Christmas had come with an icy grasp—genial, if icy, to the rich—but to the poor how terrible was the touch of chill winter. Thousands of the lower classes had died, were dying. Famished, scantily clothed, in their wretched fireless homes they could not see the advantage of the keen frost which froze the rivers and lakes inches deep, and only felt chilled to the marrow, and thought nothing of the skating.

They saw no good, no beauty in the fast falling snow, which damped their wretched rags, and pelted sharply on their unprotected heads. In the country it was different. There it lay in stainless, untrodden purity over hill and dale. Each leaf had a ring of rime, each twig a coating of ice.

The blue sky and the faint sunbeams shedding a golden light over the colorless landscape, added to the undeniable beauty of the scene. But in London there was no charm, no beauty in the mirky, slushy streets. Everything and every place looked dirty and dingy. Only here and there a patch of snow on a housetop retained its pristine whiteness, and by contrast threw a greater gloom over its surroundings. Nowhere, however, was the general slush and mire so repulsive and unlovely as in Mercer's Court, St. Giles'.

The numerous pedestrians who hurried to and fro along its narrow, uneven pavement, had trodden the snow into a sort of mash, thickly studded with outer leaves of vegetables, straw, rags, old shoes, rims of long-discarded hats, bones, and valueless refuse of all sorts, until it had become of an indescribable color, which by no means conduced to the handsome appearance of the place.

All the houses in Mercer's Court were wretched, and only inhabited by the poorest people, but undoubtedly the most uninviting-looking one was that known as "Barlow's Lodging House."

It was a four-storied house with an attic at top, of particularly dilapidated appearance. Nearly every window-pane was cracked and thickly encrusted with dust; those that were not cracked were broken, and the great gaps in them replaced by brown paper pasted on, or rags stuffed through the holes, to keep out the ever-intruding, ever-unwelcome air. The door was partly off the hinges and required considerable force to push it back; the steps that led up to it were broken and uneven, and there was a general air of collapse about the building, which suggested the idea that at any moment it might fall and bury its inhabitants in the ruins.

Towards this wretched abode of misery a child was wending its way on that chill, Christmas eve. A little girl about nine years old, with long flaxen hair and blue eyes and a face which hunger and want had been powerless to rob entirely of its delicate beauty.

On she went steadily, through the driving snow, holding her thin shawl round her shoulders with one hand and grasping a loaf of bread tightly with the other. On till she reached "Barlow's." After a struggle with the door, she managed to force it open, and entering, leant against the wall, breathless from exertion.

"Can't ye shut the door?" exclaimed a rough voice, and a low fellow of repulsive aspect appeared from a room opposite. "Can t ye, I say, or be ye too foine a lady to do even that much?" and with a ferocious gesture he approached the child.

With an effort she flung to the door, and silently passed on up the steep stairs to the attic. There, on a miserable pallet-bed, a man lay stretched, evidently desperately ill.

"Daddy, Daddy," cried the child, as she sprang to his side, "I've got the bread. See I have got the bread."

"My darling!" he replied, folding his arms feebly round her. "But you are wet, my little one, you are wet. Oh! Heaven," he groaned, "to think I must die here helpless, and send you out in such weather"

"It doesn't matter, Daddy," replied the little woman cheerily. "I'll soon dry the shawl."

And rising, she unpinned the wretched rag from her shoulders, and spreading it over the back of the only chair the room boasted, placed it before the grate, where a handful of coals burnt in a corner, emitting little warmth.

"And now you must have some bread," she went on, seizing a huge knife and slicing away at the loaf.

Silently the sick man took the bread his little daughter gave him, and tried to eat a mouthful; but he found it impossible to swallow; his throat was swoolen and painful.

"Oh, God! O God! I can't eat," he moaned, burying his face in his hands and sobbing. "Is the end near?"

"Don't cry, Daddy. Don't cry," said the child, dropping on her knees beside him, and stroking his cheek with her soft hand. "You'll be better soon, and able to eat the soup Mrs. Turner promised to bring. Don't cry."

"It is not for myself, darling, I regret that the end is near," he answered, fondling the hands that caressed him so tenderly. "It is for you. The thought that I must leave you alone in this great world, which is so hard and pitiless to the friendless and poor, causes me unbearable anguish." And the wretched man burst into another fit of weeping which brought on the cough that had racked his frame for months past, and which left him weak and barely alive, with blood-stained froth on his lips and a wild look of mute agony in his eyes.

The child was frightened at the dreadful struggles of her unfortunate father and crept silently to the hearth, crouching over the dying embers and watching the figure on the bed intently, with awe-stricken eyes. She was too young to understand his agony and distress, and what he meant when he spoke of leaving her.

She knew not that the dread Angel of Death was at hand, and would soon take from her the only being in the whole world who really cared for her and cherished her.

For a long time she remained in the same position, staring at the pallet-bed; the sick man had ceased struggling and coughing, and lay motionless, save for the labored breath which came with such difficulty.

A quarter of an hour passed—half-an-hour; the child got tired of remaining quiet, and crept softly to the curtainless window, looking out over the snow covered housetops.

The attic door opened as she stood there, and a rough-looking woman came in, holding in her hand a small basin of steaming soup; a woman whose face, despite its low commonality, bore a certain look of good-humor and kindness.

"Here's some soup for ye, Blanche; come, take a sup," she said, approaching the child.

"No. No, give it to father. He wants it more than I."

"Does he?" replied the woman, casting a half-contemptuous glance at the dying man. "Been bad again?"

"Yes," murmured the little girl, timidly. "I've been so frightened."

"Were ye, dearie? He can't hurt ye. I'll see if he'll take some." And going to the bed, she held the basin to his lips.

He raised himself slightly, leaning on his elbow, and tried to speak, but words would not come; he made a sign of refusal with his hand, and then fell back on the bundle of rags that served him for a pillow.

"He won't take it," said the woman, with supreme indifference, placing the bowl on the table, and sopping bread in it for the child.

The unfortunate occupant of the "top back attic," at "Barlow's" was not a favorite with the denizens of Mercer's Court. There was something wild and uncanny in his eyes, they said. (Those large violet eyes that Hubert Oldham had been so proud of twenty years ago.) Then, despite his threadbare clothes, there was an air of gentility and refinement about him, of which they greatly disapproved. Though with them, they saw he was not of them, and they hated (as only such folks can hate) this gentleman, whom poverty had driven to dwell in their midst, and called him, in derision, "The Duke."

But it was different with the "Duke's" daughter. Almost everyone had a kind word, a sweetmeat, or a piece of greasy, indigestible cake (of the kind which is generally patronized and approved by the dwellers of St. Giles' and such like places) for little Blanche Oldham.

The father had, for some months past, been starving to death by inches, the child had been saved by the charity of the neighbors, especially that of Mrs. Turner, who having been denied the pains and joys of maternity, longed desperately for a child, her own or somebody else's, she didn't much mind. But she wanted something to pet and care for in her own rough way, and, being able to make more than enough to support herself, charing, she had determined to adopt little Blanche, on her father's death, which she saw would be at no very distant period. She refrained from acquainting the "Duke" with her charitable intentions, fearing that some of his friends among the "quality" might appear to claim the child she coveted, if her designs were known.

"Come dearie, and drink it up," said Mrs Turner, after a time. The result of her efforts being a very uninviting looking mess of soup. "I'll pop in again bime' by when I done my washin' and see how you're getting on," and with a great deal of unnecessary noise, the good woman clattered out of the room, down to her domain in the lower region.

The child ate the soup greedily, and then knelt again before the fire, feeding the flickering, uncertain flame with shavings and sticks from an old broken down hat-box placed beside the grate. Presently she felt sleepy. In a half-dreamy way she stole across the room to the bed, where her father lay so still, so silent.

"Daddy, I'm tired," murmured the child half fearfully.

The sick man feebly opened his arms the little girl crept close to him, and leaning her head on his breast, dropped at once into a sound sleep.

Darkness was beginning to creep over the great metropolis, the neighboring clocks had, some time past, struck four.

A bitter sense of desolation and loneliness came over the dying man. He seemed alone—quite alone in the world, save for the little creature who nestled in his breast.

Looking at her his thoughts flew back nine years, to the time of her birth. It was just then, when Blanche (the only child that blessed his union with sweet Margaret Hepburn) was born, that he lost his place at the bank where he was cashier and from that time his troubles commenced and went on increasing and increasing until it had come to this—that he was dying from consumption and starvation in a garret in that refuge for miserable poverty—Mercer's Court!

He recalled the five years that followed his dismissal from the bank, when he had struggled on bravely; poor, 'tis true but upheld and strengthened for the struggle by the faithful, tender love of the woman he idolized.

Then he thought of the time when she had drooped and sickened, her delicately nurtured frame, unable to bear the hardships she had to endure, and how, when he saw her fading before his eyes, he had trampled on his pride and written to that stern, elder brother, who had turned him out so pitilessly from the old Devonshire home stead, when he won for his wife the woman they both loved. Reuben had never answered the letter, and Margaret had died from want of nourishment—died, despite her husband's frantic prayers to Heaven for her life.

After she died, he hardly knew how time passed. He was weary—weary unto death and but for the sake of their child, who looked at him with her eyes, he would have ended a life so full of misery.

He had loved his wife with no common love, and it pierced his very soul with anguish to see her child in want, to hear its piteous cries for food and warmth and he powerless to give her either. He found it so hard—so terribly hard, to get anything to do or any assistance in the vast city that teems with wealth. He was willing to work, and work hard, but he was unfitted for manual labor, yet he never lost an opportunity of earning even a penny, it bought so much bread for the child. He had run for miles after cabs, with panting breast and sinking heart to receive, after staggering up numerous flights of stairs with heavy boxes, a few pence, he had held horses, sometimes the horses of men who had been his chums at college, who had dined at his father's table; he was willing to do anything—anything but—beg!

Of late a man, a lawyer who had known him in bygone days, had given him some copying to do out of charity, but it was uncertain, and the payment hardly procured food enough to keep body and soul together. He had taken the remainder to the lawyer four days before, and he knew when he returned, utterly exhausted, and flung himself on his miserable bed, that he would never go out again. The dreadful langor, the semi-unconsciousness, he knew meant that the end was nigh.

The child stirred. Looking down at the little face on his breast, a great wave of bitter anguish swept over Hubert Oldham. He was leaving this innocent little creature alone and friendless in the pitiless world. Quite alone, he knew that now. He had written to his brother the day before, imploring him to have pity on the child and rescue her from the misery that lay before her, for himself he asked—nothing—he was—dying! The weary day, however, had dragged its slow length along, it was dark and he had not come—he would not come.

Sobs burst from his lips, he tried to check them, the least exertion brought on the cough that cruelly racked his feeble frame, but it was too late. A fearful paroxysm seized him.

The child slipped from his arms on to the floor, half rose up, turned over and, with the ease of childhood, fell fast asleep again, unconscious of her father's desperate struggles for breath and life. The sick man tossed about convulsively for a few moments and then sank back exhausted. He felt cold and numbed. Was this death? He strove to lean forward and take the little one back to his breast, but he was powerless, helpless!

A great dread came over him, he could not speak or move, he was dying, and must die without holding in his arms or kissing the only creature he loved in the whole world. With a superhuman effort he raised himself a little on his elbow, but life was ebbing fast, he felt cold, bitterly cold, all was dark before his closing eyes, with a sigh he fell back on his ragged pillows and then—silence reigned within the room.

Outside, the wind moaned dismally, and drove the fast-falling snow in showers against the windows. The clocks boomed out six but the noise did not wake the child; she slept on, and the father slept too, the sleep which knows no awakening.

Reuben Oldham sat before a glowing fire in his well-appointed, comfortable dining-room, that bitter Christmas Eve. He had just finished dinner; a dinner at which had been every luxury money could procure. Lawyer Oldham had been successful, very successful since he sold the old homestead, and left his native village in Devonshire several years before. Why should he not, therefore, indulge himself with every comfort man could desire?

Some people said he was hard, and talked about "sharp practices," but they were his enemies, and who cares for what a man's enemies say? He was courted, naturally—he gave good dinners. Then he was "so charitable," people said, (chiefly those people whom he asked to the aforementioned good dinners), his name appeared on many subscription lists, and he gave donations to several hospitals. What more could anyone want?

"I wonder if it's true—if he's really starving?" he muttered, as he read, for the twentieth time, the letter that his brother Hubert had written the day before, and which he had received that morning. "Mercer's Court is not a pleasant spot, no man would choose it as a dwelling place unless in great distress. But, curse him, why should I go to him? he robbed me of the only woman I ever loved. Yet, as he says, it is her child he pleads for." He added in a softer tone, "Ah, Margerie, Margerie, if you had but loved me, how different it would all have been." And the old man leant his head on his hand and stared at the fire.

As he gazed in the bright, red glow, he seemed to see a face, a sweet face, framed in bright chestnut hair, with eyes like twin forget-me nots, eyes that looked at him with gentle reproof in their blue depths.

"Margerie," he murmured, moving restlessly.

He shut his eyes, but when he opened them again the face was still there, and beside it, he saw another, which he knew, despite the haggard look of misery on it, to be his brother's, that brother whom he had treated with such pitiless cruelty. He got up and walked nervously about the room, presently, however, he came back to the comfortable arm-chair and looked at the glowing embers. The faces were still there and the woman's lips seemed to move and murmur:

"My child, go to my child."

"Good heavens!" cried Reuben, covering his face with his hands. "Is this fancy, or am I mad?"

But the fascination was too strong, he withdrew them, and again saw the plead-

ing look in the sad eyes and fancied he heard the words:

"Go to my child."

"This is too much," he muttered brokenly. "I will go, I must go," and, tearing at the bell, he ordered the man who appeared to fetch him a cab.

The servant left the room, but returned shortly to say that there was only one cab on the stand and that the man was going to take his horse to the stable, it being too bad a night to remain out.

"Tell him I will give him a couple of sovereigns to take me to Mercer's Court," cried the master excitedly.

"Mercer's Court! Whew!" whistled the butler when he was outside the dining-room door. "Well, I never."

He reappeared again in a few minutes, which seemed hours to Reuben. "Says he'll take you for that, sir."

Reuben enveloped himself in a long coat and, taking an umbrella, opened the hall door. A rush of sleet and snow greeted him, he shrank back a moment, then, summoning courage, he rushed to the cab.

"Drive as quickly as you can," he said.

"Yessir," replied the man, and away they started through the snow-covered streets.

It was a long, cold, dreary drive, but Reuben Oldham's thoughts were busy, busy with the past. He was thinking of twenty years ago, when he had first seen sweet Margaret Hepburn at her father's farm in Devonshire. What wonder was it that she had preferred Hubert to himself? Hubert, with his handsome violet eyes and winning manners, that made him a favorite with everyone, while he, Reuben, was twenty years his senior, already middle-aged, grizzled and common-place. How foolish he had been to think she could love him, and how terribly hard and unforgiving he had been since their marriage; but it should all be different now. He would make atonement, and take his brother and his child to live with him, and give them everything they could wish for. Margaret's face should never appear to him again, with that sad, reproachful look in her eyes. At Christmas, peace and good will to all men, and he——

Here his reflections were interrupted by the cabman tapping at the window with his whip.

"What is it?" asked Reuben, as he let down the window.

"Can't drive down the Court, sir," said the man civilly, "nasty place at any time, but couldn't nohow get through that piled up snow."

"Very well," replied Reuben, getting out, "wait here. By the way," he said, turning back after a few steps. "Can't you tell me which is 'Barlow's Lodging House?'"

"Yessir," said the man, stopping his occupation of thrashing his chest with his arms, "last 'ouse on left-'and side."

Reuben walked cautiously down the narrow, ill-lighted court, slipping and sliding at every step, till he arrived at the "last 'ouse on the left-'and side," where he knocked loudly with his umbrella. Some time elapsed before the door was dragged back, and then a dirty, red-haired female demanded surlily:

"What he wanted at that time 'o night?"

"I believe Mr. Oldham lodges with you, I want to see him," said Reuben politely.

"Mister Oldham," sneered the woman. "Well, if ye wants to see Mister Oldham, ye'll have to mount to the top back attic for it's there he hangs out."

"Couldn't you light me up," said her visitor persuasively, glancing at the guttering dip she held in a bottle by way of a candlestick, and giving her half-a-crown.

"Well, perhaps I could," replied the woman less sullenly, mollified by the money. "Bill, I be agoin' to shew a gent hup to the hattic," she shouted down to a den, apparently in the bowels of the earth, and then, turning, began to mount the filthy, broken-down stairs. Half way up they met Mrs. Turner.

"Where be ye goin'?" she queried.

"Hup to see the Dook," responded the wife of Barlow's bosom. "There's one of the 'quality' come to see 'im," and she perked her thumb over her shoulder to indicate Reuben, who stood at the back.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mrs Turner, peering curiously at the "quality." "Wonder how the 'Dook' is, he were mortal bad this arternoon. I'll come up with ye and see," she added as a happy thought, and turning she went up, and entered the miserable room first.

As the door opened the sound of sobbing was heard.

"What is it, dearie?" asked the woman, crossing over to the bed.

"Daddy," said the child, lifting her frightened tear-stained face, "he won't wake and he's so cold."

"P'raps he's dead," suggested Mrs. Barlow coolly.

"Don't say so afore the child," cried Mrs. Turner, picking up the little one and hushing her to sleep on her bosom.

"No! no! For God's sake don't say so!" cried Reuben wildly, snatching the candle from her hand and bending over the dead man.

One glance was enough. He was dead, and his death had been no easy one; there was a look of unutterable anguish on the gaunt, famished face of his brother.

"God forgive me," he groaned, setting down the candle and covering his face with his hands, "I never dreamt of this!"

No! He in his luxurious home, with every comfort money could procure, had never dreamt to what abject destitution and poverty his unfortunate brother had been reduced. But a single look round the dirty attic, at the miserable pallet-bed, the single chair, the plank on two bricks which served for a table, showed but too plainly, that this man, who was his own flesh and blood, had died, literally, for the want of a few shillings.

"God forgive me! God forgive me!" he groaned again in his agony of remorse.

The two women watched him closely. They had always been curious about the "Dook," and now their curiosity was being amply gratified.

"Let me see her," he cried suddenly.

"Better not wake her, sir, she's asleep," expostulated Mrs. Turner.

But, Reuben, taking no heed, held the candle close to the child and gazed fixedly at the pinched, tear-stained, little face.

"So like, so like," he murmured. Then, turning to Mrs. Barlow, he said sharply, "There is money. Will you see to him? I will send about the funeral to morrow. The child I shall take with me to-night."

"What?" almost screamed Mrs. Turner, her castle-building for adopting little Blanche falling to the ground.

"The child, I shall take with me to-night," he repeated tersely.

"But you can't—you shan't," she cried wildly, "you haven't the right, you——"

"Woman," he interrupted sternly, "he was my brother, and I am his murderer!"

"Lawks!" ejaculated the good woman faintly, offering no resistance as Reuben took the slumbering child from her arms, and wrapped a woolen scarf about her head and shoulders, only silently she followed him to the door and watched him till he entered the cab and drove away.

While Mrs. Barlow descending to the den in the lower regions, told the partner of her joys and woes triumphantly, "That, arter all, the 'Dook' was a real 'un, no mistake, for a reg'lar swell, a marquis or a heari, had come and taken away the child."

* * * * * *

Three years passed. It was Christmas Eve again. In one of the luxurious bedrooms of Mr. Oldham's house, stood a dainty little maiden of some twelve summers, arrayed in an embroidered white robe, with gay pink ribbons, hardly recognizable as the half-starved little creature of Mercer's Court."

"Quick, nurse, quick, I want to see Uncle before the children come."

"Yes, missie, yes," said the nurse, as she tied the broad sash in a bow, and gave a finishing touch to the flaxen curls, "you'll do now."

And away floated the child down the staircase. She paused a moment at the drawing-room door to peep at the great Christmas tree, hung with countless knick-knacks, and sparkling bon-bons, then running on to the library, she threw her arms round Reuben Oldham's throat and cried, her blue eyes dancing with delight, "It is good of you to give me that lovely tree and all those beautiful things, and to let me have a party, a real—real party."

"Does it please you Blanche? Are you happy, really happy?" he queried, eagerly holding her hands between his.

"Yes, indeed, dear Uncle. I am perfectly happy."

"Have you everything you want—is there anything else you wish for?" he continued eagerly.

"Nothing, nothing. I have not an ungratified wish. You are the dearest and best Uncle in the world," and standing on tip toe she drew his face down to hers and kissed him fondly, ere she bounded away to the next room to greet her little guests.

"Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven!" murmured the old man brokenly, drawing near the window, and looking up at the clear, frosty sky, where the stars shone steadily, like so many bright eyes watching him, "Please God, this may be atonement for my sin to her parents."

Two tramps, one of them a young man the other well advanced in life, had just left a house where they had been supplied with a bountiful dinner: "I say, Bill," queried the younger of the two, "where do you s'pose we'll get our supper?" The old tramp turned on him in disgust: "Here you've just had your dinner," he said, "and you begin to wonder where you'll get your supper. If that's the kind of disposition you've got, young feller, you had better quit the profession and go to work."

HINDOO MARRIAGES.—The Hindo looks upon marriage as part of his life. It is difficult to conceive what his state of mind would be if, on growing up to an age when he could think for himself, he found that he was not married.

At the time of the wedding ceremony a string with one or two gold beads on it is thrown around the bride's neck by the bridegroom. She wears it till her husband's death, and it is a sign that she is a married woman.

A neat little phrase refers to this, "He tied the beads and became my master."

Another custom in connection with the wedding ceremony is that of rubbing the bride with turmeric. When a wedding has been broken off from some trivial cause, the act is spoken of in this way—"To break off a marriage for a clove of turmeric!"

Those who have watched the primitive wedding processions, either in town or village, will have noticed the tinsel ornaments that are tied around the forehead of the bridegroom. This custom has given rise to a saying, "He is the bridegroom to whose forehead the ornaments are tied." But another proverb of a more amusing kind alludes to an adult bridegroom who is "flurried." "The impatient bridegroom ties the head-ornaments to his knees!" He is so confused and his mental faculties are so benumbed by the sense of his importance that he does some very absurd thing.

On the occasion of a wedding the guests crowd in rather too freely, some desirable, some undesirable.

This is hinted at in a saying, "A wedding in the village and all the dogs in a bustle," or "the dogs go in state."

The dogs do really get excited with the hope of food, and some of the villagers hang about, likewise with the hope of getting a dinner. Besides this, it is said to be no unusual thing for a good all-around quarrel to take place before the guests have all dispersed.

"The bridegroom and bride are one; the people of the wedding procession are outsiders." Many of them come only for the dinner, and they are but accessories to the real proceedings, of which of course the bride and bridegroom are the centre.

There are sayings, frequently used among the lower castes, in which regret is expressed at some hastily arranged match—"I was well off at home, and the neighbors put it into my mind"—that is, they talked the girl into marriage. Another like it is this—"The neighbors persuaded her, 'Get up, old lady—marry a husband.'"

That the wife is not alone in being disenchanted as to a wedded experience is taught in another proverb, where the man is represented as exclaiming, "After marriage, 'Bring!' is always being said to one." A shorter form of this is, "After marriage, 'Bring!'" The poor husband is always being told that something or other is wanting which he must go for; and, as the original of "bring" also means "fetch," "carry" it shows that he is obliged to run about the house to wait on his wife."

OF NO ACCOUNT.—Another of the many good stories told at the expense of the "cipher telegram" of the modern business world, says a New York paper, was passed on the other day.

A city broker whose home is in New Jersey was obliged by illness to spare a day from his business. So he sent word to his clerk at the office to let him know by telegram something of the day's transactions. The hours wore on, but no telegram appeared, and the broker began to be mystified, not to say provoked, at the unaccountable negligence of his usually faithful clerk.

The telegraph office was a mile from his home, and there was nothing to be done but to wait for the messenger, who did not come.

Next morning the unhappy suburbanite stopped on his way to the station to make inquiries at the telegraph-office for his missing telegram.

The operator was an old town-gossip, with an interest in everybody's affairs, and greeted his visitor in neighborly fashion.

"Good morning, sir! All well, I hope?"

"Yes—all right. I say, didn't you get a telegram for me yesterday?"

"Telegram for you? Well—let me see. Why, yes, I believe I did! But I couldn't make anything out of it, so I didn't think 'twas worth while to send it up!"

Scientific and Useful.

CLEANING GLASS.—Clean the glass over pictures, rubbing with a soft cloth dipped in alcohol, then polish with a clean, soft cloth.

LIFE-SAVING.—An improved life-saving appliance of a novel and exceedingly simple character has been invented. It comprises a life-line to be worn on hats and caps instead of the usual 1 in. band. The cord forming the line is of special strength, and agrees in color and make with the other hat trimmings. The length of the line is about 27 ft. to 30 ft., and it is neatly fastened when not in use, and weighs only half an ounce complete.

CONVERSATION.—An instrument has been invented to register the time of each conversation at the telephone from the moment of ringing up the exchange to the ringing off signal. A system such as this would reduce rentals of telephones to a scale according to the service, instead of a fixed charge being made to a business firm or occasional user alike. The instrument has been constructed at the instance of the German telephone department and is to control the duration of telephone conversations and to total the time. It has been christened by the name of the "Telephonemeter."

WOOD STAINS.—A solution of 50 parts of commerical alizarin in 1000 parts of water, to which a solution of ammonia has been added drop by drop until a perceptible ammonia odor is developed, will give to fir and oak a yellow-brown color and to maple a red-brown. If the wood is then treated with a 1 per cent. aqueous barium chloride solution, the first named become brown and the latter a dark brown. If calcium chloride be used instead of barium chloride, the fir becomes brown, the oak red-brown and the maple a dark brown. If a 2 per cent. aqueous solution of magnesium sulphate be used, the fir and oak become dark brown and the maple a dark violet-brown. Alum and aluminum sulphate produce on the fir a high red and on oak and maple a blood red. Chrome alum colors maple and fir reddish brown and oak Havana brown. Finally, manganese sulphate renders fir and maple a beautiful dark violet-brown and oak a dark walnut-brown.

Farm and Garden.

PLANTS.—A young plant must have its proper food and drink, the same as a young animal. The fine, white roots are the feeding mouths. They suck and grow with good care; they starve and die with neglect. The more mellow the soil the more available the root, and the better within reach. Manure is fertility; that is, food.

MANURE.—Farmers cannot make valuable manure out of substances that are of inferior quality as food for stock. The value of manure depends entirely upon the substances from which it is derived, and the bulk signifies nothing. One ton of manure from animals that are fed on bran, middlings and cottonseed will contain many times as much plant food as will manure that may be made from straw or less nutritious articles.

FIELDS.—No two fields on a farm are alike, for though the land may apparently be the same, yet the plant food remaining in the soil is largely influenced by that which has been removed by the crops, and as the requirements of crops vary the plant food removed from each field varies also. In applying commerical fertilizers to any field the farmer should be governed to a certain extent by the previous crop removed as well as the one which is to occupy the field.

BREEDS.—Lack of knowledge of the characteristics of the breeds has caused many failures. The country is full of farmers who have used the Jersey breed to improve their herds with the view of increasing the flow of milk, and the mistake has occurred with those who make a specialty of shipping milk to the cities. As the Jersey is not noted for large yields of milk many of those who made the experiments became dissatisfied and refused to further improve. Before using a breed the farmer should determine for what purpose he intends to use it, and should therefore aim to secure the breed most suitable for his object.

LUNG COMPLAINTS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, &c., are speedily relieved and if taken in time, permanently cured by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. You will finds in it also a certain remedy for Coughs and Colds.

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Unwise Exercise.

While inactivity and the lack of exercise are generally admitted to be fruitful causes of disease and the promoters of all sorts of unfavorable conditions, the idea that exercise may be overdone and that activity may bring about the very state of affairs that it is designed to prevent seems not to have entered into the thoughts of those who are most energetic in promulgating the exercise theory.

Moderation in exercise appears to be one of the most difficult of all lessons to learn. Once get the idea into the head of any individual that indigestion and kindred ills can be cured or relieved by some special form of activity, or, indeed, by any and all forms, and no amount of eloquence can persuade him that there is a limit to the benefit received, and a point where good ends and serious evils begins.

One needs no better lesson than a glance through the records of noted athletes. Few of them live to old age, and most of them break up altogether before middle life. If tables could be prepared showing the average longevity of those who have made athletics their study, they might serve as a warning to those ambitious and adventurous members of the community who amuse themselves with exercising-machines, heavy dumb-bells, swinging from bars and the general trapeze performance of the average gymnasium.

While not desiring to underrate the importance of general physical training, it is necessary to emphasize the fact that in many cases it does much more harm than good. The exercise of all the muscles which is made necessary by ordinary forms of labor, is much more beneficial than the sort of practice that develops only a certain set of muscles or calls into play a little portion of the body.

The most healthful conditions are unquestionably those that give occupation to the entire system. When one performs physical labor in which the mind is interested the conditions of health are perfectly met. Children who are brought up to do work and receive instruction at the same time grow into more perfect symmetry than when the mental is neglected for bodily training alone.

In educational institutions where gymnastic and calisthenic classes are a part of the regular course, great care is necessary in the apportionment of time devoted to such branches. The student is ambitious, and does not realize how easily the muscles may be overstrained, or how possible it is for the growing frame to be warped and misshapen by too vigorous exercise or some undue strain.

Humanitarians would raise a hue-and-cry if children were put at any sort of work that taxed them as severely as do many of the gymnastic exercises they take, and communities would be scandalized if youngsters were put at carrying such weights as they raise on health-lifts and exercising machines. They are on their mettle, and strain every nerve to raise just a few ounces more.

It is almost incredible the amount of strength one may put forth and its results, and the youth in astonishment and delight at his achievements tries again and yet again, taxing and overtaxing its strength, until, all at once, he finds himself wearied and gives up the effort. It does not seem at all relevant when a few days later he feels a pain in his side or back, or finds some soreness of the muscles of the chest. He declares to his physician that he has done nothing out of the ordinary line, and when at last some complicated and possibly fatal disease sets in, it is attributed to over-study or any other cause than the true one.

Teachers and parents cannot be too careful in the supervision of the play hours of their children. Judicious selection of means of exercise is as necessary as an intelligent choice of the books to which they are to give their attention.

THERE is this difference between the resources of the world and those of man—the former, if not developed this year or this century, may be brought out in the succeeding one; the latter if not unfolded in the short life of the man possessing them, must perish with him. The gems that none have yet unearthed may be brought to light by the efforts of a future generation. The marvels of electricity, which are as yet but in their infancy, only await the inspiration of future genius to blossom into full maturity. But the powers which might have made one man a statesman and another a poet, which might have bloomed into eminence or heroism, but which have never been nourished by exercise, fade utterly away, and can never be revived. The loss that society thus sustains is utterly incalculable. *The powers that lie* latent and unsuspected in men and women who live in a sort of passive and inert existence would doubtless, if put forth, promote the growth of civilization, of progress, of happiness, while to the individual himself the loss is irretrievable.

DO not live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, rest, whatever it is, take hold of at once, and finish it up evenly, then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And, if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall in file and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and, though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. A man was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it."

OVERSTRAINED faculties can never bring out the best results. Overwork is always a waste of time; and, though it may not seem to be so at first, eventually the sad truth is always manifested. To cut off needed recreation, to curtail the hours of sleep, to postpone a vacation indefinitely, to refuse to take rest and ease and change under the impression that thus time is saved, is always a short-sighted policy and often a fatal mistake. The time arrives when the poor abused faculties take their revenge and refuse to serve altogether, or do it in so feeble a fashion as to show their deterioration.

THE sincere desire for and pleasure in another's welfare are the foundation upon which all true social relations must be based. Until that is in some degree experienced, all sorts of disputes and antagonisms will interfere with the best success of any organization, small or great. Every one admits this in the household, in the friendly circle, in all reformatory and philanthropic labor. Without love in the family, without affection in friendship, without sympathy, pity and kindliness of heart in benevolent efforts, we know that their failure is imminent.

Two men lead temperate and orderly lives; the one has no temptation to do otherwise, the other is struggling fiercely with appetite and passion and gaining a daily victory over them. Do they merit the same cordial sympathy and encouragement? Happily we are not called upon to do the impossible and to apportion these various degrees of desert; and, while this is so, neither are we justified in any crude and premature judgment of our neighbor's character, which we cannot fathom or determine from the actions which he may or may not perform.

THE man who pledges himself to a life of service must see to it that he has the means to carry it out. His duties to himself are rendered more, not less binding. He will cherish his health and strength, develop his powers of mind and body, and welcome gladly everything which will make his life broader, richer and happier, knowing that thus will he add to his value and increase his power of serving others.

EVERY intelligent person should regard it as one of his most binding duties to discover his capabilities, and so to cultivate and exercise them that they shall grow surely and steadily, enabling him to give out their best results, not merely in transient flashes and under *sudden impulses, but continually* and increasingly.

THERE is in all faithful work a happiness which is seldom distinctly recognized as such. The consciousness of increasing skill, of gradual improvement, of doing well is a joy in itself. Accuracy and good execution are always satisfactory; the very discipline, if not prolonged beyond bounds, is pleasurable.

WHAT does the word "cheerfulness" imply? It means a pure heart, a contented spirit; it means a kind and loving disposition; it means humility and charity; it means a generous appreciation of others and a modest opinion of self.

WHETHER we seek our own or another's welfare, our conduct must be mainly on the same line. In this way we shall find that the claims that seemed at first to be contradictory really melt into each other.

CHARACTER, and not logic, is the credential to be offered at heaven's gate. Conduct is higher than confession, being more fundamental than the latter. "She hath done what she could."

FISHING for compliments may secure a few bites, but is certain of many back bites. What is caught that way is not worth stringing.

HE was a wise man who was grateful there were so many things he could do without. "Godliness with contentment is great gain."

THE man who can work and not worry, rest and not rust, is not apt to be an object of interest to an undertaker.

HE that loses wealth loses much; he that loses friends loses more; but he loses his spirits loses all.

THE Chinese have this saying—"Great souls have wills. Feeble ones have only wishes."

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

NARINE.—**The name of the mother of** David is not mentioned in the Bible. She is supposed to have been first married to Nahash. She is mentioned in the 25th chapter of the Second Book of Samuel.

JENNY JONES.—**Titles of respect are**—Mr., from Master; Mrs., from Mistress; Miss, from the French De mot-selle; Esq., from Esquire; an English Justice of the Peace, or member of the legal profession, but applied very indiscriminately to males throught the country generally.

R. C. W.—**You should wait until an opportunity offers to show him that you still regard him as a friend. Do not be too humble or apologetic. Let him seek you and manifest a wish to be restored to favor. Although you are at fault you must maintain your maidenly dignity. Do not be so capricious in future. Think before you act.**

READ.—**Cremation is undoubtedly the** most sanitary and seemly method of disposing of the dead, but at present it is very expensive and only slowly overcoming prejudice. The end of the world may safely be left over for the consideration of our children's children to the third and fourth, or thirtieth and fortieth generation. The world will get along very well. To each of us our end is as the end of the world.

RENDON.—The military salute consists of the hand being brought to the horizontal position over the eyebrows, and its origin dates from the commencement of the history of the English army. During the tournament of the middle ages, after the "Queen of Beauty" was enthroned, the knights who were to take part in the sports of the day marched past the dais on which she sat, and as they passed they shielded their eyes from the rays of her loveliness.

DESPAIR.—**You seem to think that you** cannot "amount to something" by sticking to your trade. If such is your idea you are greatly mistaken. Elihu Burritt, the "Learned Blacksmith," gained a national reputation while hammering at the anvil, and many of the most eminent men, as well as the wealthiest, began life as mechanics. But if you are assured beyond possibility of doubt that your talents are of a commercial nature, and unsuited to your present occupation, continue your hunt for a position. Make friends among employes of banks and railways, and, if possible, interest some influential person in you. Application to the persons you name, in all probability, would do you no good.

SUFFERER.—**You misunderstood the reply** to which you refer. There are very few ailments of any kind for which a cure can be named in the sense in which you understand the word "cure." It is quite a mistake to suppose that every disease has its specific remedy. Nervous diseases especially require gradual treatment. You cannot buy any nostrum that will make you self-possessed instead of timid, and unconcerned instead of shy and embarrassed. Nothing but attention to your general health and a resolute determination not to be bothered with thoughts about yourself will help you gradually to overcome your blushing and timidity. You say you redden and are confused by a word, and then are angry at yourself. Well, do not be angry. It is this thinking about the matter and worrying over it that makes you worse. There is no cure for self-consciousness for those who have not sufficient sense and resolution to leave off worrying themselves.

REWRY.—**As to leaving cards, when a** married lady whom you ought to know takes up her residence in your neighborhood, you should call upon her after she has had time to settle down in her home, and, whether she is in or not, leave one of your own cards and two of your husband's. Other occasions on which cards are left are the day after the ball, within a week after a dinner-party, in case of illness when making inquiries at the door, and as soon as possible after a death has occurred. Cards are not left on the occasion of every call at a house, provided the lady is at home. If she is not at home, leave the card as a token of your visit. Cards are sent in by the servant to the lady of the house when the degree of acquaintance is only slight; but you do not send in your card when calling upon a friend. If a long time elapses between two visits, cards are used. When you are leaving the town, either permanently or for a considerable length of time, it is usual to leave at your friends' houses cards in the corner of which the letters "P. P. C," (pour prendre conge) have been written in pencil.

M. N. W.—**The gold applied to the edges** of the books, etc., is in the same state as for various ornamental purposes—viz., an extremely thin leaf. Before the case or cover of the book is quite finished, the volume is struck forcibly against the back, so as to make the fore edge flat instead of concave. It is then placed in a press, with the exposed edge uppermost. The edge is scraped smooth with a piece of steel, and is coated with a mixture of red chalk and water. The gold is blown out from the small books and spread on a leather cushion, where it is cut to the proper size by means of a smooth-edged knife. A camel's hair pencil is dipped into white of egg mixed with water, and with this the partially dried edge of the book is moistened. The gold is then taken up on a brush, and applied to the edge, to which it instantly adheres. When the three edges of the book have been gilded in this manner, and allowed to remain a few minutes, they are burnished off by means of a very smooth piece of hard stone (bloodstone generally,) which gives the gold a high degree of polish.

THE STARLIGHT HOUR.

BY W. W. L.

The day has quenched its tender light
On bloom of bud and flower,
Within the dusky arms of night,
That rules the starlight hour.

A stillness rests upon the sleeping land,
A stillness rests upon the lakelet's face,
And from the blue dome comes a starry band,
That twinkle softly thro' the realm of space.

Here where the fairies nightly dance,
Beside this silver murmuring stream,
I watch the fire-flies' tiny lance,
And of my lady loving dream.

Lucy.

BY A. C. C.

MRS. WEIGALL sat by the fire in her sitting-room, very neatly dressed and rather peevish-looking, as usual. At least it was her usual expression when alone with her family.

Outside, the wind and rain of early winter held sway, and the occasional lumbering past of a van or other vehicle hardly constituted a sufficient reason for looking out of the window.

To look out of window on fine days was Mrs. Weigall's favorite occupation, and nothing went on in the village-street without her knowledge. But on wet days like the present she read the newspaper, and sat in judgment on her contemporaries, especially the more distinguished ones.

Sometimes her remarks exasperated her eldest daughter Alice (the eldest by a second marriage and the eldest at home), and then Mrs. Weigall was rather promptly snubbed. For Alice kept the household in great order, being learned as a University Extension Lecturer and a journalist.

She was seated now at a little desk in a corner near the fire preparing her weekly article on current literature for the "Chillington Beacon," which was a high-toned paper, enjoying a wide provincial circulation.

Mrs. Weigall's consciousness of the scribe's presence betrayed itself in the furtive and guilty glances which she cast in the direction of the writing-table whenever the newsper crackled obtrusively.

Alice prided herself on having sacrificed privacy to the family convenience, and trained herself to write in the common sitting-room; but all the same the family were dreadfully afraid of making a noise whenever she was at work.

The sitting-room had folding doors opening into a smaller room that in its turn led through a French window into a pleasant garden. Pleasant even in cheerless winter weather, and charming on sunny days when every breath of air came laden with the scent of sweet, old-fashioned flowers and trailing rose-bushes: when the birds sang all day in the branches of the two large lime-trees, and the bees kept up their murmurous work throughout the drowsy summer's hours.

In the cosiest corner of the inner room, between the fire and the warmly curtained window, a couch was drawn up, and on this lay the slender, delicate form of a young girl. Although over twenty, Lucy Weigall still looked almost a child. With her tiny hands and feet, her small, pale face, her golden head, she had an ethereal air which made strangers describe her as angelic.

And she really was the good angel of the family. Round her couch dissensions were hushed; Alice grew less overbearing, Mrs. Weigall less captious while as for Bernard, the only brother, he knew no hours so peaceful as those that he spent with the little sister, whose frail body his strong arms carried tenderly, and to whose thoughtful spirit he never turned in vain for sympathy or advice.

Lucy had a natural talent for sympathy, just as Alice had a natural talent for lecturing, Mrs. Weigall a natural talent for wearing becoming caps, and for blossoming into importance when strangers appeared.

It was really wonderful how Mrs. Weigall had contrived to keep up the family credit through all the vicissitudes which she had experienced. When she first married Mr. Weigall, and came to live in Chillington, she had means and an assured position as the elegant well bred wife of a solicitor, member of an old-established firm which enjoyed the confidence of the county families. Gradually, through the dishonesty of a partner, wealth had departed, Mr. Weigall died of a broken heart, and his family came to live in the village of Rushleigh, a few miles out of Chillington.

On leaving school, Bernard obtained a post in the County Bank and went every day to his work by train from Rushleigh. Alice made money for her brains and her pen, while Mrs. Weigall, always neatly dressed and prepared for any social emergency, stayed at home to look after Lucy, to criticize her family and to turn a smiling face to visitors, especially such members of the county families as at all recollected her existence.

Mrs. Weigall by her first marriage had one daughter, Mary, who was not at home.

For fifteen years indeed she had been a stranger to her family, having even ceased to write to them.

She was nearly grown up at the time when her mother, Mrs. Peyton, became Mrs. Weigall, and she deeply resented the step which gave her a stepfather, not that Mr. Weigall was unkind to her, nobody was unkind to her; but Mary enjoyed having a grievance.

When about twenty-one she had abruptly left home, and gone as governess with an English family to Yokohama.

For a little while she had written home, then her letters stopped, and when Mrs. Weigall wrote to Yokohama for information she could learn nothing. The consul to whom she had applied said that Mary's employer and his wife died of an epidemic and the children had gone home in charge of a governess. "Was not the governess Miss Payton?"

To this question of the consul Mrs. Weigall did not reply. She could not tolerate the idea that Mary had returned to England but failed to communicate the fact to her family; and to her visitors, such as occasionally asked after Mary, Mrs. Weigall always implied that her daughter was still in Japan. Of course she did not say this in so many words, but she never said the contrary, and this reticence sufficed for her purpose.

Two newspapers lay in Mrs. Weigall's lap; a London one which she had finished, and the local one, which she had just taken up. Hardly had she opened the latter than she made a little movement of surprise. She glanced at Alice. Yes, Alice was putting away her writing; Mrs. Weigall was free to speak.

"Lucy," she cried, "Miss Astley's nephew has written to the lawyers. He is coming home. He will be here in less than a month?"

The news was exciting evidently. Lucy looked up with a gentle gesture of interest Even Alice rose and followed her mother, who had walked into the inner room.

"I must read you what the paper says," continued Mrs. Weigall, settling down by the invalid's couch. "Information which will assuredly give general pleasure has reached us. Astley Hall will soon be tenanted. Mr. William Astley, the heir, had written Messrs. Trigg and Smythe, the late Miss Astley's solicitors, to say that he may be expected home in about two weeks. Mr. Astley writes from San Francisco. He is an American born, but in the old country will soon we hope, etc."

"Well, that is some excitement in prospect, at any rate," said Mrs. Weigall. "After all, I am glad the place is to remain in the family."

"The family is quite a new one," remarked Alice.

"All families must have a beginning," replied her mother. "I wonder if Mr. William Astley is married. Oh, no; here is an additional paragraph. He is actually a bachelor."

"What a chance for our many maidens," said Lucy, with her soft laugh.

Mr. Weigall glanced furtively at Alice, but Alice had never looked more like Minerva, learned and severely celibate.

"Miss Vandeleur," announced a servant from the outer room.

"Maud, you flower-scattering angel," exclaimed Lucy, as a pretty young girl advanced, her hands full of a lovely winter bouquet, deep gold and pale yellow chrysanthemums mixed with brown and russet leaves. "You need not tell me; I know all that glory is for me."

"Of course it is," replied Maud, bending over the couch to kiss her smiling friend. She also was smiling, and yet as the two girls' eyes met a curious flicker of sadness crossed the face of each.

"You have heard the news?" said Mrs. Weigall interrogatively when her guest was seated.

"That Mr. William Astley is alive and well and on his way home? Indeed, I have heard that, and I may say I came out to escape the spectacle of my poor father's disappointment. He is naturally grieved for me; far more than I am grieved for myself."

"Mr. Vandeleur disappointed?" exclaimed Mrs. Weigall. "And why?"

"You never heard then? It is true we thought it best not to say much on the subject as long as there was uncertainty, but now there is no need for reserve. Miss Astley left a codicil to her will to the effect that if her nephew proved to be dead without heirs I was to inherit £20,000 of her property. You know she and my grandmother were great friends at school," said Maud.

"I know," replied Mrs. Weigall, "and I always used to wonder why she showed you so little kindness during her life. But there! She was not particularly kind to anybody, poor woman. Twenty thousand pounds! No wonder Major Vandeleur feels such a loss."

"But he chiefly feels it for me,'" said Maud hastily.

"Humph," remarked her hostess.

"And I feel it for him," the young girl continued.

"That I can quite believe," replied Mrs. Weigall. "Well, I wonder what Mr. William Astley will be like. I hope he will not resemble his first cousin, Robert, who was a scapegrace and no mistake. I have heard that he made one or two efforts to soften his aunt's heart towards him by penitent letters, but in vain. If he be still alive and hears of his cousin's good fortune, how angry he will feel!"

"Poor man!" said Lucy gently.

"As you pity everybody, you can pity him, my dear," observed Mrs. Weigall. "But I assure you that when he left the neighborhood fifteen years ago in disgrace with his uncle and aunt, he did not seem to have one redeeming point. He was handsome and pleasant-mannered, that was what helped him to impose upon people. We used to see a great deal of him at one time. He was rather attentive to my daughter Mary. But I am thankful she never married such a profligate."

"I wonder if Mary will ever come home," said Alice.

"I do not believe she could stand the English climate after so many years' absence from it," answered Mrs. Weigall hastily.

"The climate of Japan is not good," argued Alice.

"It cannot be as bad as ours," retorted her mother.

Here Lucy, as usual, interposed, and [illegible] Mrs. Weigall being called off by some household duty, Lucy and Maud were alone.

"I grieve for the loss of that legacy," said the former, taking her friend's hand with tender sympathy. "I had never mentioned it, not even to mother or Alice, but I did always hope Mr. William Astley would not be found."

"I grieve too," said Maud bitterly. "I would not mind if father would allow me to exert myself, to go as governess or companion—anything. But he will not. And oh, Lucy! this life of hopeless poverty, and poor father's constant depression, they are so hard to bear."

Lucy found nothing to say in reply. She could only look the deep pity she felt.

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When Bernard came home to dinner, his mother of course lost no time in communicating to him the great news of the heir's impending return. He heard it in silence at the moment; but was no sooner alone with Lucy than he said abruptly:

"So Miss Vandeleur loses the legacy."

"Yes. Maud was here to-day. She feels the disappointment very much, but more for her father's sake than her own."

"I expect he is more crabbed than ever," said Bernard.

"And now you can never speak to Maud," murmured Lucy.

"I could not have spoken even if she had got the money," replied her brother. "Do you not see Major Vandeleur's expression at the presumption of a poor bank clerk in aspiring to his daughter's hand."

"But if Maud loves you?—and I am sure she does," said Lucy.

Bernard covered his face with his hands for a few moments in silence. "It is no use thinking about such things," he said at last. "You are a dear little confidante, Lucy, and I am glad you should know my secret, although I should hate anybody else to have possession of it. But you must help to resign myself to the thought that Maud is out of my reach. I must just grind on through the same weary round. There is not likely to be any miraculous interposition of fate in my favor."

He ceased speaking on the entrance of Mrs. Weigall and Alice. They had brought their work, and requested Bernard to continue reading the book he had commenced the night before.

This was the usual evening programme—a routine which nothing seemed destined to disturb, and Bernard had just taken up the volume when there came a sharp pull at the door bell.

"That sounds important," observed Lucy.

"I daresay it is a telegram about those lectures," said Alice.

"It can hardly be a message from the bank," said Bernard.

The door of the outer room opened, a sable-clad figure came in and paused an instant under the arch of the folding-doors, then stepped forward into the midst of the wondering group.

"Mother!" said the stranger and lifted her veil.

"Mary!"—with a cry that was almost a sob, Mrs. Weigall sprang forward and threw herself into her daughter's arms.

The astonishment of the others may be imagined. Bernard and Alice sprang up, came forward, kissed her, then glanced around in furtive wonder.

She turned towards the couch and bent over Lucy.

"You were five yeas old, I think, when I left—a bonny, golden-haired little thing. Why do you lie here? Are you ill?"

"I am always an invalid. But, Mary, I am so glad to see you."

"Of course, so am I," said Bernard heartily.

Alice stood silent, for shyness always made her awkward.

"Lucy was five, and Alice—this is Alice, I suppose—was ten, and Bernard twelve. And now to see you all grown up makes me realize what a long time I have been away." Mary wound up this speech with a short laugh, not a very mirthful one, and sank into a chair by the fire. She was quite composed. It was the others who were agitated, Mrs. Weigall especially.

"Let me look at you," she said, and taking her eldest daughter's face between both hands, tried to turn it towards the light. But Mary shrank back. "There is not much to look at," she replied shortly.

"There never was; and now I am gray-haired and wrinkled scarred by time and ——" She left her sentence unfinished.

"You have come from Yokohama?" inquired Mrs. Weigall, sitting down beside her.

"I left Yokohama years ago. I come from America: from San Francisco. I give [illegible] I have come home a failure. I am poor, and I am ill. Fate has beaten me."

It was characteristic of Mrs. Weigall that she asked no further personal questions.

"If you were in San Francisco," she observed briskly, "perhaps you know our coming neighbor, William Astley."

"William?"

"Yes, not Robert. You remember Robert?" smilingly continued Mrs. Weigall.

"Yes," Miss Peyton answered slowly. "I remember Robert."

"He turned out a dreadful character. I forget whether that was before you went away or after. Anyhow, he had to leave the neighborhood in disgrace, and was disinherited by his uncle and aunt. Old Mr. Astley, who died ten years ago, left all his money to his sister, and she left it to Mr. William Astley, if he could be found or failing that, to various charities and so on. Not a penny was left to Robert. William, you know, is another nephew, the son of a relative who went out to America after a dreadful quarrel. Naturally no descendant of his would ever have been thought of as heir, had Robert only behaved better."

"And how has William been found?" inquired Mary, after another long pause.

"Messrs. Trigg and Smythe sent a confidential clerk to look for him. I suppose he is accompanying William home.

"No," said Bernard, "Mr. Trigg was at the Bank to-day, and happened to mention that the messenger they sent out is dead poor fellow! William Astley, who, by-the-bye, was not in San Francisco itself, but in some other Western city, could not come away at once but took his passage for the middle of this month. The clerk was to have waited for him, but got a telegram to say his wife was ill. He started at once, and, strangely enough, died on the voyage of heart-disease. Nobody had even suspected that he was delicate."

"What a curious story!" remarked Alice. "Then there will be nobody to identify Mr. William Astley."

"Well, the clerk did that in America, you see," answered Bernard. "And he sent home a photograph of William, who seems to have the family type strongly marked although he wears a full beard. Do you remember how carefully clean-shaven old Mr. Astley always was?"

"Yes, and Robert—he never even adopted the universal moustache," ob-

served Mrs. Weigall; who added, turning to Mary: "I suppose you never saw or heard anything of Robert?"

"Did he go to America?" This counter-question was Mary's answer.

"Oh, not that I know of! I think I remember hearing that he went to Honolulu. But most bad characters turn up sometimes in San Francisco, do they not?" laughed Mrs. Weigall.

"I do not know," replied Mary coldly. She rose and, with a change of tone, continued: "I am tired. I suppose you can keep me here?"

This was not easy, for the Weigalls' small house possessed no spare room. Mrs. Weigall glanced in some embarrassment at Alice, but Alice dropped her eyes. Already her attitude expressed some hostility towards the new-comer.

"Mother usually sleeps in my room; but she can go into Alice's if you will take her place with me to night," said Lucy, addressing Mary.

So it was arranged. But Lucy was a very light sleeper and she was awakened before midnight by a sound of stifled sobbing. Her first impulse was to speak; her next was to keep silence and not intrude upon a grief of which she did not know the source. But her gentle heart was strangely touched, and felt a yearning pity which translated itself into little tender words and ways towards the sombre half sister who had so suddenly emerged from the distant unknown.

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"Of course, you always make excuses for everybody, and I daresay there is something to say for Mary. But, Lucy, I cannot forget that her presence here throws an additional burden upon Bernard, and deprives you of many comforts which you ought to have."

The speaker was Alice, who was looking distressed and rather angry.

Mary had been three weeks at home, now, and showed no intention either of going away again or of seeking to support herself. Always silent, always sombre, she gave no account of herself, beat back her mother's attempts at questioning, and showed affection only for Lucy. Alice and Mary had been antagonistic from the first, and at last Alice's irritation found voice in [illegible] words.

"I do not speak for myself," she continued. "Heaven knows that I grudge Mary neither food nor shelter, and if I were the bread-winner of the family I hope I should be as loth to make her feel unwelcome as Bernard is. But if she expects from him, as she evidently does, the charity of a brother, she should, at least, show him the confidence of a sister. She ought to explain herself. She ought to say why she has been away from us without giving a sign for so long; she ought to say why she has returned to our midst at last, and on what ground she expects us—or rather Bernard—to provide her with the bread of idleness."

"Dear Alice," said Lucy, softly, "do you think there is really need for poor Mary to explain herself? To me she looks a thoroughly heart-broken woman. She said she had come back to us a failure. Who knows in what bitter struggles, in what crushing disappointments her hope, her courage, perhaps her health, have ebbed away?"

"She seems quite well," grumbled Alice, though her look had softened.

"That is what people sometimes say to me," answered Lucy, with a smile.

"You? Oh, Lucy, when anybody with two grains of perfection can see that you have not the strength of a fly! I believe that you are kept alive by your sympathy with others. If you had nobody to pity, you would die to morrow."

"You spoil me just as mother and Bernard do. But I feel the more grateful in your case because you spoil nobody else, and least of all yourself. But why will you be so indulgent to me, who have many to love me, and so harsh to Mary, who has nobody?"

"Is Alice saying hard things of me?" asked Mary, suddenly appearing in the opening of the folding-doors. She had entered the adjoining room unperceived, and now stood looking inquiringly from one to the other of her half sisters.

They felt embarrassed, but Alice recovered herself and answered, briskly, "I was only saying, Mary, that I thought you ought to treat us with less reserve; to be frank with us about your past."

"My past?" Mary repeated the words like a mournful echo. She sank into a low arm-chair, folded her hands in her lap, and looked straight at Alice. "Question me," she said. "I will try to answer."

Alice's thick black brows met in an annoyed frown.

"I am not an inquisitor," she answered, curtly. "You ought not to need interrogation. You should tell us of your own accord why you stayed away so long, and why—well, yes—why you have returned so unexpectedly now."

"But you must not fancy that we are not happy to have you," interposed Lucy hastily.

"You are happy, of that I am sure," replied Mary, taking one of Lucy's fragile little hands and holding it tightly clasped in her own. "I do not suppose Bernard or Alice is. Why should they be? I can only ask them to be patient with me. Perhaps one day I may find strength and courage enough to go out into the hard world again. But just now, I cannot, oh, I cannot!"

"And you shall not," cried Lucy, raising herself from her cushions and putting her arms round her half-sister's neck. "You shall stay here unquestioned, just as long as you like."

"But I ought not to be idle; I ought to earn my living," said Mary in the most hopeless tone in which such a declaration was ever made.

"We will think of something for you to do," replied Lucy. "I daresay I shall furnish occupation for you by falling ill and requiring to be nursed. If you nurse me you will save poor mother and Alice."

"I do not want you to be ill," said Mary with a tremulous smile.

But Lucy's words were prophetic. She fell ill the very next week and then Mary tended her with a loving devotion which won the gratitude of the entire family. Weeks passed before the young girl was able to lie on her couch in the sitting-room, and during the whole time Mary hardly left her.

When she was convalescent at last, a bleak and foggy January had slipped away to be followed by some weeks of mild weather which, in the country at the events, bore quite a smile of spring. Birds twittered in the leafless boughs, which had a beauty of their own as they shone golden brown against the translucent gray-blue sky. The pale yellow and lavender spikes of crocuses had pierced the earth in many gardens, and as one's foot brushed the stubble in the yet bare fields a lark somewhere [illegible] the boundless promise of the heavens.

"What matter that March with all its winds is ahead? The birds are wiser than we and enjoy themselves while they can, undisturbed by dismal prognostications," said Lucy, smiling up in Bernard's face, as he brought the chair in which he had wheeled her round the garden, to a standstill, and prepared to lift her out of it and carry her back to her couch. "Bernard, it is good of you to devote yourself to me this lovely Sunday morning. Any other man who had not gone to church would have betaken himself for a selfish walk and smoke, instead of stopping at home to look after a useless invalid sister. Do you see those lovely hot-house flowers? And do you know who sent them to me?"

"I know who sent them, and I think I know in whose hot-house they were gathered."

There was such an unwonted bitterness in Bernard's tone that Lucy looked at him in startled pain.

"Maud sent them. Bernard, what do you mean?"

"Of course, while shut up in your room all these weeks, little woman, you have not heard society's wheel go round."

"No, I have heard nothing. But has there been anything more important than the usual penny readings?" Lucy spoke in a light tone, but she watched Bernard's face anxiously.

"Mr. Astley has arrived and been accepted by the neighborhood as a great acquisition."

"And don't you like him?" asked Lucy quickly.

"To tell the truth, Lucy, I do not—and I should not like him," Bernard added in a lower tone, "even if people did not say that he is likely to marry Maud."

"Maud? I do not believe it. She would never be so mercenary."

"Mercenary, no. But, Lucy, she may like him. And you must remember"—Bernard paused a moment, then added with an effort—"that no hint at an engagement, no word of love has ever passed between Maud and me."

"But she must have seen that you loved her. And I know she loved you," said Lucy warmly.

Poor Bernard turned pale. It was poor consolation to hear this, now that he feared he might be losing Maud for ever.

"Think what the grinding poverty of her home has become!" he said at length. "And Major Vandeleur's perpetual laments must be very hard to bear. Unless she likes Astley—and most women, on the contrary, seem to like him—marriage with him probably presents itself in the light of a happy release."

Lucy sighed impatiently. Bernard was the soul of honor and generosity, but his warm-hearted little sister could not help wishing that he had been a little more impetuous and tried to win Maud in spite of poverty.

The conversation was interrupted by the return of Mrs. Weigall and her daughters from church. "Such excitement!" exclaimed the elder lady entering briskly. "The Vandeleurs and Mr. Astley were there. It is the first time he has ever been to our church, and coming with Maud. Oh! they must be engaged."

Bernard walked quietly out of the room, while Lucy, to divert attention from him, said: "Nobody has yet told me what Mr. Astley is like."

"Oh! a very nice-looking man, a thorough Astley, only he wears a full beard. Otherwise he reminds one very much of Robert, does he not, Mary?"

"Good gracious, Mary! what is the matter with you? You look as if you were going to faint!" The exclamation came from Alice, and directed general attention to Mary. She did indeed look deadly pale, her very lips were bloodless.

"It is nothing," she said in an odd, strained voice, but, instinctively as it seemed, as if for refuge, she drew near to Lucy, and sat down beside her couch.

"I noticed that you looked rather bad in church. And in the porch when I was going to introduce Mr. Astley to you, you walked away so suddenly, I felt sure you were feeling ill," remarked Mrs. Weigall.

"I do not feel ill. Why can you not believe me?" said Mary impatiently. More than this, nobody succeeded in extracting from her, not even Lucy, who yet divined that something had happened to intensify her half-sister's tragic gloom.

Meanwhile the neighborhood was ringing with William Astley's triumphs; his hospitalities, his charm of manner, his interesting Transatlantic experiences. And the rumor of his engagement to Maud persisted, although the full confirmation of it was still lacking. From Maud herself no [illegible] the Weigalls; even her visits to Lucy, formerly frequent, ceased, although she often sent flowers accompanied by a few loving words.

Rushleigh, headed by the vicar and his wife, was very busy getting up an entertainment in the school-house for subjects connected with the Primrose League. There was to be a concert, a brief lecture on the Domestic Life of the Carthaginians, from Alice, and recitations from a well-known itinerant amateur. All the local talent was pressed into service, and the school-house echoed three or four times a week with rehearsals of songs, and duets, and choruses. Mary played well, and was consequently installed at the grand piano lent for the occasion by the munificent Mr. Astley. That gentleman had promised to grace the performance with his presence, and had undertaken to bring a large house party of his own to swell the audience.

He had only been a few weeks at home, but he had already troops of friends, and among his guests was a very handsome girl, in whom the gossips of the neighborhood saw a rival to Maud.

"If Miss Vandeleur keeps up her present show of indifference, she may lose him," said a visitor one day at Mrs. Weigall's, little guessing the throb of hope and exultation which she awoke in Lucy's heart.

"Surely Maud will not refuse him," said Mrs. Weigall.

"Hardly, I should think, considering Major Vandeleur's poverty and his unconcealed desire for the match. Probably Miss Vandeleur is only coquetting."

"Well, I suppose the entertainment to-morrow night promises to be a great success? Your daughter's aid will be invaluable, Mrs. Weigall."

"You are too kind," murmured the lady addressed. "But you remind me that the last rehearsal is to take place this afternoon, and Mary seems to be forgetting it. Ought you not to go, dear?"

Mrs. Weigall turned as she spoke towards Mary, who had been sitting silent, looking straight in front of her with the set, sombre look in her eyes which always, vaguely, made her family uneasy.

She roused herself at her mother's words, and moved wearily across the room, followed by the visitor's pitying, inquisitive glance.

"She looks suffering."

"Oh, she will recover! She is only a little overstrained," cheerily responded Mrs. Weigall with her society optimism.

The rehearsal in the school-house was over, and Mary, busy rearranging her music, called out to the last-goer not to lock the door behind her.

Suddenly Maud Vandeleur, who had forgotten a shawl, came back to fetch it, and was closely followed by Bernard. The large room was only dimly lighted by the dying embers in the grate and by the soft diffused light of a crescent moon standing like a green sickle in a space of pearly-white sky, and visible with the stretch of quiet fields beneath it through the open door. Neither Maud nor Bernard noticed Mary, who had stooped in her dark corner to gather up some sheets of music.

"Miss Vandeleur—Maud," began Bernard in a voice of strong emotion, "we were children together and—and always friends. Forgive me if I seem indiscreet, but are you—are you intending to marry Mr. Astley?"

"What difference can that make to you?" asked Maud. Her tone sounded bitter, and, perhaps aware of it, she added more gently—"to you, or to anybody outside my family?"

Mary had risen, but they were too agitated to notice her, and, perhaps embarrassed, she may have thought it better not to come forward.

"Alas! I know too well that I have no right to question you," replied Bernard, sadly. "What am I, poor and obscure, with no influence and no prospects, that I should try to control your destiny? But, Maud, if you were not the—if you were my sister, I would still urge you to prefer anxiety and poverty even to a marriage with William Astley. The man inspired me with an instinctive repulsion from the very first, and short as is the time since he arrived in the neighborhood, I have heard things about him not to his credit."

"What things?"

"Nay, I cannot tell them to you," said Bernard. "You must take my word for it that they are said, and you must have faith enough in me to believe that I would not credit them lightly."

Maud gave a weary sigh. "I do not know how to act," she said dejectedly. "Father is always representing to me how good the marriage would be, not only for myself and him, but for the boys and little Trixie. Trixie is delicate; she wants so many things, and she never gets them. What would you say if you saw Lucy languishing for want of change of air? I am like the girl in 'Auld Robin Grey;' except," Maud added with rather a tremulous laugh, "that I have no Jamie to care what I do."

"Maud!" cried Bernard and seized her hands, then dropped them again instantly and turned away. There was a little silence, during which Maud hoped perhaps that he would say more; but he did not, and she turned towards the door at last with a suppressed gesture of discouragement.

"I—I will think over what you have said," she murmured hastily, and brushing past him stepped out-side. He stood watching her as she walked away, then was preparing to follow when he felt a light touch on his arm.

"I was afraid of being shut in, or I would not have shown myself," said Mary.

"Then you overheard all we said?"

"Yes; but you can trust me, Bernard. I shall not repeat it."

That night, when Mary had finished bathing Lucy's aching brow with eau de cologne, she took the young girl's hand and said, in a curious, muffled voice: "Would it make you very happy to see Maud and Bernard married?"

Lucy opened her eyes in delighted astonishment.

"Happy? I should think so; but, Mary, how have you guessed their secret? You have seen them so little together; you must be a witch."

Then as Mary made no reply, Lucy resumed in a sadder tone:

"But there is no chance of the marriage. Bernard will never speak while he is poor, and he will be that until he is quite middle-aged—dear, kind Bernard. Ah, if Mr. William Astley had not existed, and Maud had inherited Miss Astley's legacy, then everything would have been so different."

Mary had taken one of Lucy's hands, and sat with it pressed against her cheek. All at once the young girl became aware that her sister was crying.

"Mary, what is it? Are you in trouble?" she exclaimed, distressed.

"I am always in trouble," Mary answered in husky tones. "It is a trouble that for fifteen long years now has haunted me night and day, draining my energy, sapping my hope, making me old before my time. I thought my heart was quite arid, that no flower of love or faith could

ever bloom there again. I was so crushed and deadened that the present could offer, as I thought, nothing for which I should ever care to live. I dwelt only in the past —a cruel past. I was faithful to one memory; ah, such an unworthy one! And to that memory I should have been basely true, but for your sweetness, your loving-kindness, your beautiful courage. You have broken the bonds of my spirits, and set my trammelled soul free. You do not understand, but you shall soon. To-morrow, to-morrow, Lucy, I may still be miserable—I may be like the poor prisoner who has to learn to bear the sunlight—but you, the angel of my prison-house, you shall know that you have not lived in vain."

Mary bent over the bed and kissed her young sister fervently, passionately; then glided away, leaving the very darkness, as it seemed, still palpitating with her strange and solemn words.

The entertainment had gone off splendidly, and Mr. William Astley, quite the king of the occasion, was standing among the performers complimenting them severally and collectively.

His house-party, and Mr. Trigg, the Chillington lawyer, Major Vandeleur, the Vicar of Rushleigh and others were gathered in a smiling group beside or behind him, and, whenever they got the chance, re-echoed the great man's words.

"Charming, quite charming!" Mr. Astley repeated. "I do not know which performer to praise most. Your daughter, madam,"—with a bow to Mrs. Weigall—"sang delightfully, and all the accompaniments were beautifully played. By-the-bye, who and where is the pianist? I have not had the honor of being presented to her."

"Mary," cried Mrs. Weigall, "come forward, my love; come and let me introduce Mr. Astley to you."

"Robert Astley and I need no introduction," said Mary, suddenly emerging from behind the piano and moving into a clear space just in front of the guest of the evening.

That gentleman turned ghastly pale and stood with the bland smile frozen on his lips, while Mrs. Weigall, much disconcerted, exclaimed:

"My dear Mary, think of what you are saying. This is Mr. William Astley; it is nobody you ever saw before."

"I have seen him many times, and I know him only too well, for my misfortune, my bitter misfortune," answered Mary. "Ask him if he does not know me?" she continued in a louder key and raising her hand with a gesture of accusation. "Ask him if we did not meet fifteen years ago in Yokohama; if I did not follow him to San Francisco, lurked on by his promise to marry me, if I did not discover just in time—ah, Heaven, just in time—that he was married already to the wretched girl whom many of you knew in the village here once as Ellen Bradley? Ask him if she be not still alive in San Francisco, hopelessly lost; his victim, yet still his wife. Ask him if he can deny all this. But no, there is no need to ask him. You can read the answer in his face."

"My dear young lady——" began the scandalised Mr. Trigg in horrified soothing tones, when he was interrupted by a harsh laugh from Mr. Astley.

"I do not see why we need stand here listening to the ravings of a lunatic," he said.

"My sister is no lunatic," interposed Bernard, firmly. "But certainly her charges cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. Mary, try to explain yourself calmly, at any rate."

"Well, I am not going to stand calmly here to hear myself further insulted," cried Mr. Astley, and moved towards the exit. But Mary threw herself in front of it and faced the man she had accused with blazing eyes. "You shall stay while I denounce you as an impostor and a thief!" she cried. "I once saw your cousin William, as you very well know. He was taller than you, thinner than you, and his hair and beard were fair—that could not be seen in the potograph—and by growing a beard you have contrived, I doubt not, to look sufficiently like the photograph to deceive those who had never seen William. But you cannot deceive me. Where is William? What have you done with him? Let Mr. Trigg here send out another emissary to America to seek for William and to bring home your wife. Let——"

With a smothered exclamation Astley sprang forward, pushed Mary violently aside, and had wrenched open the door and rushed out before anyone could stop him. Several rustics who were in the neighbourhood near the door, rushed out after him, thus preventing his guests from following as quickly as they wished. When they did make their way out, it was only to find that Mr. Astley had apparently forgotten all about them, and had driven off alone.

"No wonder, poor man! To think of that mad woman being at large," said the guests, and Mr. Trigg, and several other people. For the opinion of the majority was in favor of Mr. Astley, and Mary received many hostile glances.

But Messrs. Smythe and Trigg had a shock next day, when they found that their respected client had departed furtively by the earliest train. And the shock was intensified on their learning that in London he had promptly cashed a large cheque, and then disappeared. They sent a confidential clerk to America, and, after many months and infinite trouble, succeeded in unravelling the tangled skein of the strange story.

Robert and William Astley, already slightly acquainted, had met in San Francisco on the eve of the latter's departure for Europe. William, in the generosity of his newly found wealth, had offered to pay Robert's expenses and, as he expressed it, "bring him along." By a curious, a dramatic coincidence, William had suddenly died in the train on the way to New York, and Robert had been quick to see how easy it would be for him to personate his cousin. He carried out the idea with characteristic audacity, and as his wretched wife did not even know that he had left America, he counted confidently on escaping detection; and doubtless he would have done so, but for Mary's unexpected resolution to return home.

William's death once fairly proved, Maud came into her legacy, and shortly afterwards she married Bernard, to the great disgust of Major Vandeleur and the deep delight of Lucy.

HOAXING WHOLESALE.

Mr. Harry Weaver, the veteran actor, referring to his acquaintances with Artemus Ward, says: My reminiscences of Cleveland in 1860 would not be complete if I did not mention a "sell" perpetrated by Artemus Ward which had the effect of almost depopulating the whole city for a few hours; and the inhabitants thereof were compelled to knowledge themselves completely "sold."

On the thirty-first of March in that year Ward published in the columns of the "Plain Dealer" a glowing account of a gipsy encampment, placing it a few miles outside of Cleveland. The king and queen were represented to be lineal descendants of the Pharaohs.

They had traveled all over the world, and their tent was adorned with articles picked up on their journeys, forming a collection so rare and picturesque, from its very oddity and orientalism, that it could not be duplicated in any part of the world. The description of the aged king and queen and their progeny was at once ingenious and romantic.

Their powers of divination were said to be wonderful in the extreme. It was averred that they had renewed their youth from time to time, and did not really know how old they were; they had passed through all the great events of the world for centuries; they were in possession of the secrets of the lost arts.

The gipsy king's appearance was venerable to a degree, his flowing white beard trailing on the ground. And then the daughter was married to another descendant of the Pharaohs, one of the finest specimens of manly beauty the eye had ever looked upon. They were fitly mated, for the bride was described as a dream of loveliness—in fact, another Cleopatra; and, after seeing this dusky divinity, the enslavement of Mark Antony was made clear and comprehensible.

The many valuable horses they possessed came in for a due share of notice, many of pure Arabian breed, one especially, a pure milk-white steed, for which fabulous sums had been offered, but without avail, a superstition prevailing among the tribe that to part with Selim would be to bring misfortune upon them all.

The inhabitants of Cleveland and its environs were strongly advised not to miss the opportunity of visiting the camp on the morrow, for on the following day the gipsies were to strike their tents and continue their nomadic life, traveling around the globe.

The morning of April 1st dawned upon a lovely day, and from sunrise to sunset Cleveland was astir. Shoals of people wended their way to the outskirts, some in carriages, many on horseback, and the great majority on foot. Of course no signs of a gipsy encampment were to seen. After making inquiries in every direction, it occurred to some of the brighter minds that, the day being April 1st, they had been made April fools of; and, as they had been sold, they determined to sell others in their turn, "doing" their neighbors as they had been "done" by Artemus Ward.

A steady stream of people going out would meet others coming in, who of course reported that it was the most wonderful sight they had ever seen, and that they would not have missed it for anything. Nor did the matter stop there. Numbers on their return went from house to house, advising their friends and acquaintances to take a holiday and go and see the wonderful sight.

And thus all that pleasant April day the merry work went on, until the shades of evening terminated the greatest hoax perhaps ever perpetrated. The joke, a harmless one, was freely discussed and laughed over by its victims for weeks and months afterwards. Of course this brought Browne into considerable notice at the time.

WOMEN IN INDIA.—Many traditions flow from unknown fountains into the great channels of history, and the general character of the legendary lore which belongs to Bijapur implies that a higher position was taken by the women of the province than was usual in an Indian State. The seclusion of the Mohammedan "purdah" has ever proved a less insuperable barrier to mental progress than the iron yoke of Hindu caste, and numerous instances are found in the annals of Oriental nations, where the more intellectual daughters of Islam have freed themselves from the bondage of custom and creed. No doubt exists that even the Aryan Hindus in early ages gave to women their true position. Polygamy was almost unknown, and the following lines quoted from the "Mahabharata," a ponderous Hindu epic of B. C. 500, represent the estimation in which Indian womanhood was then held:

A wife is half the man, his truest friend:
A loving wife is a perpetual spring
Of virtue, pleasure, wealth; a faithful wife
Is his best aid in seeking heavenly bliss.
A sweetly-speaking wife is a companion
In solitude—a father in advice,
A mother in all seasons of distress—
A rest in passing through life's wilderness.

The gradual descent of the moral standard may be traced from the pre-Vedic [illegible] Aryans were ever pressing on toward south and west, and man falling farther away from the simplicity of childhood, until Brahminism had riveted the heavy links of the complex theological system on the people of India. The women suffered accordingly, and their complete captivity was consummated by the Mohammedan conquest, when in imitation of Moslem custom, and as a safeguard from the rapacity of the invader, the seclusion of women belonging to the higher classes became universal throughout the Indian peninsula.

SNAIL EATING.—The French snail eating habit is said to be growing apace in America. Its ultimate popular adoption should by no means occasion surprise. Snail-eating is no more queer than turtle-eating. The development of cookery is the miracle of civilization; and yet the American custom of pickled pigs feet might offend the African epicure who dines upon elephants' feet baked in a hole in the ground. Rattlesnakes, blacksnakes and lizards were all pronounced edible by the late Frank Buckland, the naturalist, and are no more repulsive, in a way, than the misshapen frog. In New Zealand a great delicacy is the boiled grasshopper, afterward crisped in an oven and served headless. The flavor is said to resemble that of shrimp. Here is a suggestion for the Kansas farmer. Why not the pate de grasshopper as a rival edible to the hors d'œuvre de snail?

NATURAL KINDLY FEELING.—A formal politeness chills the affections and repels those who would naturally be drawn together; so also does the assumed manner which is insincere. The courtesy which ranks so highly, and the lack of which is often deplored, is the natural and graceful expression of a kindly feeling. But it is tender and easily crushed; it is delicate, and must be nourished and cherished, or the rude storms of life will sweep it away. Let us protect and honor it as it deserves, and it will in its turn protect and preserve for us some of the dearest and best possessions that life has to offer.

There is no article made, that possibly is as important in as soap. Thousands look over, buy cheap adulterated soaps, to save a few cents and lose dollars in ruined clothing. Dobbins' Electric Soap, perfectly pure, saves dollars.

At Home and Abroad.

The Pall Mall Gazette declares that the educated English woman writes a worse hand than the average shopman. Says the Gazette: "There is evidently something in the weaker grasp of woman that makes a fair handwriting more difficult to her than to man. And modern fashion recently flattered this inability as it has flattered others. In no other age and in no other country has the handwriting of men and women been conventionally allowed in dissimilar forms as it has been in England. It is much like the separation that took place in studies—the decree of opinion that an uneducated person who would not do at all as a man would do well enough as a woman."

The heroic elements of child nature found strange and pitiful exemplification some months ago at Sag Harbor, Long Island, when Lillian McMullen, a girl of 15 years, while crossing the frozen bay in charge of two younger children, broke through the ice. In their efforts to save her the little ones also fell in. The brave girl, with superhuman effort, managed to rescue her little charges; but, exhausted by the strain, she sank back into the icy water and was drowned. The world is usually ready with honors for the grown-up heroes; the heroes and heroines of tender years are far less apt to be remembered. Yet their valor is surely not less worthy to be honored and recorded, not only in justice to the dead, but as an example and incentive to the living!

Prince Kung's memorial to the throne, in which he charges the defeat of China to her adherence to her antiquated political customs and the blindness of her leaders to the progress of civilization, is a most significant evidence that the true source of China's weakness has at last been recognized by the most influential statesmen of the Middle Kingdom. The regeneration of China will demand something more, however, than political reform. Nothing short of the regeneration of the Chinese character will suffice. Should Chinese practices conform to the teaching of the ethical code by which all Chinamen profess to be governed their case [illegible] the more thrashing of the Celestials by the Japs will be required to inaugurate a moral revival among China's teeming millions.

An interesting story of a battle between a rattlesnake and a rat comes from Kentucky. Says the Glasgow Times: "A huge rattlesnake was imprisoned in a box into which a large rat was replaced. Hostilities commenced at once. The snake, coiling himself, struck viciously at the rodent, but that animal slipped quickly out of the way. This was repeated until the snake, in a condition of blind fury, made a tremendous lunge at the rat, which again successfully executed its tactics of jumping to one side. Then, almost quicker than the eye could follow, the rat rushed directly at the snake, as it lay extended on the floor, and fastened itself on the back of its neck, and never let go till it had bitten the head nearly off the body. That ended the fight. The snake died almost instantly, and the rat trotted off to the other side of the box unharmed."

A dispatch from Tacoma, Wash., says that five prophets have appeared in that city who declare that the world is coming to an end in 1887. They have issued a warning to the people to beware of a false Christ, who will arrive about that time. They are the Rev. Mr. Jefferis, the Rev. Mr. Price, H. C. Lauters, Henry Baker and Mrs. Cliff, all evangelists. They declare that nine-tenths of the human race will perish miserably by war, plague, famine, pestilence, earthquake and hail during the next five years. Christ will be sealed up in a bottle for 1000 years. Heaven will hang in mid-air all that time. They have seen hell, and it is 6000 miles across, and long enough to hold all the sinners. One of the gentlemen, Mr. Jefferis, was formerly rector of a prominent Episcopal church in Philadelphia, and those who know him in this city will believe that the dispatch is mistaken, so far as he is concerned.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Our Young Folks.

THE ROBBER BOLD.

JEMIMA sat on the doorstep, busily washing her son Peter; and as Peter tried to get away, Jemima found it rather hard work, but she was a careful little mother, and determined to do her duty.

All this time the robber bold was hiding behind a gooseberry bush, plotting and planning to get Peter and Peter's brother, Peterkins, and carry them away to her den.

"It must be done by strata—something, I forget what you call it," said the robber bold to herself.

Jemima had very nearly finished washing Peter, and Peter was beginning to purr—he was so pleased—when all at once there was the sound of loud mewing, the sound of a kitten calling, a kitten that was being murdered.

Jemima stopped washing Peter, and looked about for Peterkins—Peterkins was nowhere to be seen. Then it must be Peterkins who was calling, Peterkins who was being murdered.

"Everything that mews is not a kitten," murmured an old cat who was lying in the sun, watching the washing operation.

But Jemima took no notice of the old cat. She looked up the garden and down the garden, and then ran into the house.

The robber bold only waited until she was out of sight, and then that robber bold jumped out from behind the gooseberry bush, and captured Peter.

By the time Jemima came back to the doorstep, carrying Peterkins in her mouth, Peter was nowhere to be seen.

"Well, he was nearly finished," said Jemima, "so now I'll wash you, Peterkins. Why did you call for me?"

"I didn't call," said Peterkins, "I was watching a mouse hole."

"Miaou! miaou! miaou!"

Such a noise!

"There's Peter being murdered now," said Jemima. "Who would be a mother? He can't be very far away—perhaps he is [illegible]."

"Everything that mews is not a kitten," said the old cat.

"Nonsense!" said Jemima, "you mean everything that moves is not a mouse. Anyone knows that."

And then Jemima began to talk to the old cat, until the old cat left the doorstep and went indoors; but Jemima followed. The old cat was always interfering, and Jemima wished to settle it once and for all.

Meantime the robber bold had once more crept out from behind the gooseberry bush and had carried off Peterkins.

When Jemima, after a rather stormy argument with the old cat, returned to look for her family they were safe in the bold robber's den.

"It is a fine place for a den," said the robber bold, as she threw herself down on the hay, "a fine place!"

Whether the bold robber's mother would have thought it a fine place is quite a different matter.

The robber bold had quite forgotten that only that very morning she had been told "never, never, never to climb the ladder, and get on top of the hay cart, unless somebody was with her."

And it is doubtful whether the bold robber's mother would have counted Peter or Peterkins as anybody.

But the robber bold had forgotten all these things. She was playing with Peter and Peterkins in the hay.

"You are two princes, my captives," she said, "and I shall keep you in my den until you are ransomed. I may carry you away farther."

Peterkins was not listening; he was watching something moving in the hay. Was it a mouse? If only he could catch a mouse and carry it back to his mother!

Peter was watching "the something moving" too, but Peter was thinking of something he had once heard the old cat say—"Everything that moves is not a mouse."

"I shall perhaps carry you to my enchanted castle," said the robber bold, "I shall say, 'Hey presto! what ho! minions! and we shall move through the air to my castle, and once there——"

The robber bold suddenly stopped, and Peter rolled over, and Peterkins mewed. The robbers' den was moving through the air.

Then the robber bold smiled, and began stroking Peterkins to keep him him quiet.

"What fun!" she whispered to the kittens, "they are moving the cart, and we shall get a ride round the field."

But Peter didn't think it was much fun. The leaves of the trees brushed in his eyes, and once he was nearly swept off the top of the cart. The robber bold only just seized him in time to save him.

After the cart had been moving some time, the robber bold began to feel less pleased.

She wished very much that she could peep and see who was driving the cart, for she did not know the voice of the man who was talking to the horse.

They had left the field, too, and were going along the road, and she knew that they were going away from home.

The robber bold began to feel very much frightened. She sat up in the hay, feeling now just as anxious to make the driver see her as she had been before to hide away from him. But the man did not think of looking up on the top of the cart; and though the two kittens were mewing, he did not hear them because of the noise.

The robber bold was growing more and more frightened. They were every minute getting farther and farther away from home, and she did not know where they were going.

She made up her mind at last to call out to the man. For some time he did not hear her, because of the rumbling of the cart; and when at last he did hear some one calling, he did not know where to look to find the someone.

"I am up on the top of the cart," said the robber bold, in such a timid, frightened way that nobody would ever have guessed that it was a robber bold speaking.

The man seemed very much astonished. "Who are you, and how did you get there?" he asked. "You've no business up there, whoever you are."

He walked away from the cart to the other side of the road.

"I'm Betty," said the robber bold.

"Well, it's a little girl!" said the man, and then he began to laugh.

This was altogether too much for the robber bold, and she began to cry.

Peter and Peterkins mewed louder than ever, and Peterkins rubbed his small head up against the bold robber's arm, trying to say, "Please take me home to mother; I'm [illegible]."

The driver of the cart was still laughing; he was sitting by the side of the road, laughing loudly.

"This do beat all!" he kept saying between his shouts of laughter.

Betty was wishing very much that she had never climbed the ladder, never captured the kittens, never tried to be a "robber bold."

"Well, missie, you've got yourself into a fine pickle," said the man at last. "Did you not hear me move the ladder? How am I to get you down?"

"Can't you go back?" said Betty.

"That! can't," said the man; "I'm late as it is. No; there you'll have to stop till we get to Church Farm, and then——"

Betty heard no more. Church Farm was ever so far from home. How ever would she get back? And when she did get back, what would her mother say? She was feeling hungry, too, for she had had no dinner. The man started his horse again, and from time to time Betty could hear him chuckling.

All kinds of wild ideas came into Betty's head. She would hang on to the bough of a tree, and drop into the road; she would jump down; but at last she was obliged to decide that she must stay where she was. She sat up in the hay, and took the kittens on her lap and stroked them.

After a little time they stopped mewing, and she began to smile, as she remembered that she had intended to carry off the kittens, and now she was being carried off herself.

When Church Farm was reached at last, the man was still chuckling; and before the ladder was fetched, and Betty released from her captivity, she had to listen to a great deal of laughter at her expense, for the driver told everyone at the farm, and quite a small crowd assembled to see the little girl came down from the top of the hay-cart.

When Peter and Peterkins appeared, they were also greeted with a shout of laughter, and Betty had to answer over so many questions about them before she was allowed to go home across the fields.

She thought she never would reach the garden again. The sun was so hot, and the kittens, not liking to be carried, wriggled and tried to get away. At last, when she was nearly tired out, she saw the boys and heard Jemima mewing, seeking for her kittens.

Betty called back, and poor Jemima came bounding to meet her, and set to work at once to wash the lost kittens.

"Well, Betty," said her mother, "you are late for your dinner. Where ever have you been?"

And, much to her mother's surprise, Betty threw her arms round her neck and began to cry.

"O mother," she said, "I'll never be a robber bold again, and never, never climb on to a hay cart with Peter and Peterkins."

And then she told her mother all about everything.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TREE.

THE "Prince of Wales' tree" is dying at the top. The "Prince of Wales' tree" was planted about thirty-five years ago at Dwight, Ill., since made famous by Dr. Keeley. The tree stands a little way out of town on the stock farm of Banker Mr. Williams, and it flourished for many years like the proverbial bay. The farm was the homestead of J. J. Spencer, and there was no more attractive place on the line of the Alton road.

Thirty five years ago next September the Prince of Wales and his retinue were being entertained at Chicago and stopped at the old Richmond House, and a number of Chicago people remember him as he stood on the hotel balcony one evening "to give the people a treat," as it were, looking at him.

The next day, being anxious to shoot some prairie chickens, the Prince, who traveled under the incognito of Lord Renfrew, and his retinue, composed of the Duke of Newcastle, Capt. Rotallock, Gen. Bruce, Mr. Leduc, Major Teesdale, Capt. Gray, Mr. Elliott, who was a son of Lord St. Germains, Lord Hinchinbrooke, and Francis Wilkins went to Dwight on a special train. Arrived there the Prince was driven at once to the residence of Mr. Spencer, while his retinue became the guests of Mr. Roadright and Col. R. P. Morgan.

A feature of a sojourn at Dwight is hunting up the oldest inhabitants and pressing the hands that once pressed the hand of the Prince, and hearing their recollections of their royal guest from their own lips. One of the old inhabitants tells of how he loaded the Prince's gun for him, and ex[illegible] a dog which, he says, retrieved the Prince's game. The dog is as gray as his master, but somehow the story is not so enthusiastically received by men who know something of dogs.

During his stay at Mr. Spencer's the Prince planted a sapling elm in the corner of the garden and it is now a magnificent tree. The house, which was named Renfrew Lodge in honor of the Prince, stands to this day. It is a plain, two-story structure with a neglected lawn in front and a grand avenue of trees leading down to the railroad tracks. The house is unoccupied, but the place is beautiful and the air about it is filled with the songs of birds, and in the summer the boughs of all the trees bear their nests.

Stories of the Prince's abilities as a sportsman at that time seem to be very much awry. Harper's Weekly in September, 1860, printed a comic picture of the Prince out fishing. He is pictured whipping a stream for trout from the back of a servant, who is doing the wading in the cold water. The younger generation at Dwight believe that in order that the Prince of Wales might kill more prairie chickens than any other young birds unable to fly were caught and thrown into the air repeatedly until he had managed to hit them. This yarn is disproved by the fact that the Prince's shooting was done at the end of September, when the youngest prairie chicken flies as strongly as the old bird.

It was Saturday when the Prince arrived in Dwight. In the afternoon he went shooting and that evening held a levee in the lodge, to which the principal citizens were invited to meet him. The next morning he went to the Presbyterian Church with his retinue, and besides putting a bill of large denomination in the contribution box he subscribed a good round sum toward the building of a new church, probably Baptist. The church, as it was afterwards built, was a plain white structure with a belfry. Two or three years ago Dr. Keeley purchased it and presented it to the Keeley League, the members of which used it for a club house.

The People of Dwight are sorry to see the "Prince of Wales' tree" go, for it is one of the sights of the town.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers does its work thoroughly, coloring a uniform brown or black, which, when dry, will neither rub, wash off, nor soil linen.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Schnebile, the new explosive, is composed chiefly of chlorate of potash.

More than 200,000 pounds of tea were consumed in Great Britain last year.

Teakwood or Indian oak will sink in water. It also one of the hardest of woods.

Soldiers in the United States army are said to lose on an average 21 days every year from illness.

Siberian women are raised as abject slaves. They are untidy in dress, and are bought with money or cattle.

Two clergymen in Nebraska attributed the recent hard times to the Sunday opening of the Chicago World's Fair.

Durable artificial silk, which is both neat and ornamental, is made of waste wool or cotton, by the aid of chemicals.

Many Persian drinking cups have been found in the ruins of Persepolis. They are shaped almost exactly like our saucers.

The new Siberian Railway traverses regions where game is so abundant that the project of establishing canneries is being considered.

While playing with a rope near a street sweeper, Frank Whittlin, an Indianapolis boy of 8, was drawn into the machine and killed.

Monazite, a rare mineral which neither melts nor burns, is found in the rich metallic heart of the Appalachian Mountains that lie in North Carolina.

One of the new rifles used in the Italian army sends a ball with force enough to go through five inches of solid oak at a distance of 4,000 feet.

Sponges, slates and slate pencils are no longer allowed in the public schools of Cambridge, Mass. Paper, pens and pencils have been substituted.

It is said that the highest point ever reached by oil was in January, 1860, when it went to $20 per barrel. The lowest point, 5 cents per barrel, was reached in November, 1861.

The experience of the Mississippi Valley verifies the conclusion of Dr. Hubbard that as a result of the cutting down of forests climates become hotter in summer and colder in winter.

A North Sea codman carries an outfit of lines which extends eight miles in length, and has usually fixed upon it the amazing number of 4680 hooks, every one of which must be baited.

It is computed that a hundred years hence Europe will have 780,000,000 of inhabitants, Asia 1,000,000,000, while America will have reached 605,000,000, Australia 30,000,000 and Africa 100,000,000.

The tunnels of the world are estimated to number about 1142, with a total length of 514 miles. There are about 1000 railroad tunnels, 12 subaqueous tunnels, 90 canals tunnels and 40 conduit tunnels.

The stock of wines, spirits, etc., laid in for a trip to England and back on one of the largest Atlantic liners is 2500 bottles of wines and spirits, 2000 bottles of ale and porter and 6000 bottles of mineral waters.

A mummy, on which were inscriptions that are said to have proved it to have been one of the Pharaohs, was unwound in Egypt recently, and experts have decided that he was in life afflicted with gout.

There is a mistaken impression in regard to the nature of the bloodhound. Most people imagine this kind of dog to be very ferocious, when, on the contrary, it is as docile as almost any other breed known.

The Canadian Customs Department has decided that electricity generated on the American side of Niagara Falls and conducted by wires to the Canadian side must pay a duty of 20 per cent. as an unenumerated article.

A New York photographer announces "comic pictures taken while you wait." These pictures are rendered comic by placing the head of the subject upon a ludicrous little body, and then mounting the whole upon a fractious donkey.

On the English turret battleship Monarch, commissioned 25 years ago and lately overhauled and fitted with new machinery, $2,240,000 have been spent for repairs alone. She is of iron, cost $2,400,000 to build, and with her new engines has a speed of from 13 to 14 knots.

A million florins was the penalty recently paid by the Austrian Baron Konigswater for changing his religion. He was a Jew, who married a Catholic wife; his father in his will imposed the condition that if he became a Christian he should pay 1,000,000 florins to Jewish public charities. He has now become a Catholic and has paid the forfeit.

The local papers of Elizabeth, N. J., a few days ago, published a story to the effect that a double wedding was to take place in one of the churches of that city. Long before the hour advertised the church was crowded to its utmost capacity by curious people, who then found they had been hoaxed by some practical joker. Color was given to the story by the fact that the church was open and lighted, but it was for choir practice.

LOVE'S SONG.

BY W. W. LONG.

Sing, little bird, softly sing,
Upon the greenwood tree,
The old fond story of love,
To my little sweet for me.

Sing, little bird, softly sing,
All the whole day long,
Sweetest notes of happy love,
Sing to my love love's song.

CONCERNING PROVERBS.

Wisdom is always associated in the popular mind with a certain glumness, and indeed the repetition of proverbs might be taken as a proof, for the men who patter off old sayings are seldom the wisest members of the community. A hard cautious common sense based on close observation of life is the prevailing note of our proverbs.

There is no shrinking from the bald truth in "A fool and his money are soon parted," or in "As he has made his bed, so he must lie on it."

Sometimes this bareness of sentiment is almost cynical, as in "A thing is worth what it will fetch," "All is fair in love and war," "Every tub must stand on its own bottom," "It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright," "Charity begins at home" and "Honesty is the best policy."

There is a part truth in all these proverbs; but, standing without limitation or reservation, they seem hard and stern. They consider first of all whether a certain course pays.

Sometimes they become frankly selfish, as in "Every one for himself and God for us all," or, again, "All draw water to their own mill," or the more picturesque Arab version, which brings before us an encampment in the desert, "Each man draws the ashes to his own cake."

Often there is an easy-going contented philosophy in proverbs which is cooling and refreshing. "A miss is as good as a mile" was first used by a man who was bold and a sage. "All's well that ends well" is quietly set on making the best of things. "As good water goes by the mill as drives it" is a clever man's consolation for his failure.

Then there are the sensibly accommodating bits of advice, "Better bend than break," "Drive the nail that will go," "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

Of course each of these hints is open to objection in certain circumstances, and indeed proverbs which hit off half-truths must sometimes be contradictory.

It was once an exercise of ingenious dabblers in literature to pick out contradictory sayings, such as "The tongue breaks bones, though it has none," and the denial, "Sticks and stones may break bones, but words will never hurt me."

That the source of proverbs is the popular mind may be seen in the belief in luck which is interwoven with all proverbial philosophy. It is stated plainly as well as enigmatically, as in the saying, "Better be born lucky than be born rich;" whereas of the unlucky man it is said, "If he fell on his back, he would break his nose."

Perhaps the most striking expression of the good fortune that cannot be turned aside appears in the Egyptian proverb, "If he were flung into the Nile, he would come up with a fish in his mouth."

But, though proverbs reflect the crudeness of the common thought as well as its sanity and its practical qualities, the principal impression one gains from glancing at a collection of these popular sayings is that they abound with sound morality, show keen and close observation, and are not devoid of poetical imagination. "A shift may serve for [illegible], but it cannot serve for ever," "A purity conscience needs no accuser," "Harm watch, harm catch," are better texts than many that are used for sermonizing.

What shrewdness and power of direction hide in such sayings as "A stroke at every tree fells none," "Everybody's business is nobody's business," "Too many cooks spoil the broth," "Idle folk have the least leisure," "A light-heeled mother makes a leaden-heeled daughter," or the Spanish "By the street of By-and-by you arrive at the house "Never!"

Some of our most frequently used phrases have a picturesqueness that may escape us through familiarity. There is a touch of imagination in saying "His room is better than his company," or that "He is standing in his own light;" while many of the only fairly well-known sayings are deserving of revival for their traces of poetry, as in the Scottish Borderer's love of hillside freedom, "Better hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep," or that argument against vain regrets, "The mill cannot grind with the water that has passed," or the beautiful picture of forgiveness in the foreign saying, "The sandal-tree perfumes the axe that fells it."

Some proverbs, too, enshrine deep truths that cannot be too often remembered, such as "False glory flowers but never fruits" and "In prosperity no altars burn."

Proverbs are too fragmentary in form and too narrow in their individual teaching, each embodying only one simple idea, a sort of monosyllabic thought, to be classified; but they offer a remunerative study apart even from their value, considered comparatively as indicators of national characteristics. As for the serious comparison of the folk-sayings of race and race, we have it on Bacon's authority that "the genius, spirit and wit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs."

A CROCODILE ON THE BOULEVARDS.—One night recently the proprietor of one of the great Parisian boulevard restaurants was seen sighing and lamenting at the door of his restaurant. Some customers, as they were going out, asked him what was the matter. "Ah, messieurs, four persons have just gone away without paying for a sumptuous dinner which they have eaten!" "That is unfortunate; but you need not despair so violently." "Ah," replied the restaurant-keeper, in a tone of deep distress, "it is not on my own account! I am rich. But my waiter, messieurs, my private-room waiter—the father of a family, who has nothing but his place to live on—he will have to bear the loss and not I;" and he sank down on a chair and melted into tears.

Grains of Gold.

When you bury an old animosity never mind a tombstone.

The art of happiness in love consists in giving everything without asking for anything.

What is the use of knowing how to tell the truth, so few persons know how to hear it?

Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and he will receive you into his bosom.

To live above our station shows a proud heart, and to live under it discovers a narrow soul.

The joys of heaven are like the stars, which by reason of their remoteness appear extremely little.

A lie is often told without saying a word, by putting the rotten apples in the bottom of the basket.

Associate with men of good quality, if you esteem your reputation; it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Good-nature will always supply the absence of beauty, but beauty can not long supply the absence of good-nature.

To judge human character rightly a man may sometimes have very small experience, provided he has a very large heart.

Life is girded all around with a zodiac of sciences, the contributions of men who have perished to add their point to our sky.

Life never seems so clear and easy as when the heart is beating faster at the sight of some generous and self-risking deed. We feel no doubt then what is the highest prize the soul can win; we almost believe in our own power to attain it.

Femininities.

Mrs. Ann Featherstone, aged 98 years, of Columbus, O., cut a large tooth a few days ago. The performance, however, caused a preliminary three weeks' illness.

A bit of conversation overheard in the conservatory at an evening party. She: "Do you admire black eyes or blue?" He: "The light is so dim here, I really can't say!"

Women in Washington are agitating the project of the raising of a fund with which to secure a statue of Washington, which they propose to present to France.

The youngest school teacher in New Jersey is Mollie Marropust, who assists Charles Dietz, Principal of Public School, No. 3, in Mauter. She is 12 years old, and is said to be a successful instructor.

In Tokio, Japan, it is not unusual to see a week old baby strapped on the back of a child of about eight, and sent out to be jumbled about as its infant nurse disports itself with other children in the streets.

Chamois leather has been used for many articles, from a shoe to a card case, but it is only lately that it has been called into requisition for sheets. Naturally, only the very finest skins are selected.

Steaming the face at night over a bowl of very hot water, and then bathing it with very cold water, is a simple method of giving it a Russian bath, and it will tend to make the skin white and smoother, and the flesh firmer.

Wife: "What does this mean? You say you were out hunting ducks, and all you bring back is a lot of eggs. You didn't shoot them." Husband: "No; but all the game was sold out at the game market, so I had to do the best I could."

Chinese ladies wear hairpins made of gold or silver, from six to eight inches in length, bent according to the style in which the hair is dressed. They are worn night and day, and only removed in the morning when the head is dressed.

Japanese marriages are rather temporary affairs. Miss Bacon, in her "Japanese Girls and Women," tells of a servant who was married, quarreled with her mother-in-law, got a divorce, and was back at work again, all within a month.

Tommy: "Mr. Y., my sister Laura said at table this morning that she thought you had the prettiest moustache she ever saw." Y.: "You oughtn't to tell things you hear at table, Tommy." Tommy: "But she's going to give me a penny for telling you."

[illegible] Wash., left there recently to seek their fortunes in the gold fields of Alaska. Their outfit included, among other things, a small railroad, in which they will make the trip up the Yukon river to Forty Mile creek, a distance of over 600 miles.

Marie Louise's son by her Chamberlain, Count Neipperg, whom she married after Napoleon's death, has just died near Vienna. He was Prince William of Montenuovo, an Italianized form of Neuberg Neipperg, and was 74 years old. He survived his brother the King of Rome, 61 years.

There are many variations in the use of brass sconces when accompanied by the candles which generally form their adornment. The candles are now tinted to match the shade that beautifies them. An instance is given of the candle being of light lavender while the shade is of a deeper tint, with bunches of violets irregularly placed here and there.

Mrs. Paran Stevens left only $1,500,000 to her heirs. What she lacked in money she made up in tact and generosity. She managed to get and keep a place in the front rank of fashionable society, to marry her daughter into aristocratic English family, and to see the poor for the most part of her who had not known as much money as she could command. She was an extraordinary person.

Fencing for ladies is coming in vogue at Copenhagen, where several rising members of good social standing have recently been receiving lessons in this graceful and healthful physical pastime. It would seem that the fair sex can more and more successfully contend against the men in fencing, and that they, in fact, frequently excel the latter in precision, swiftness and grace of movement.

To keep ferns through the winter they should be watered each morning, the mould never being allowed to harden. Occasionally the pots should be placed in water for about ten minutes, especially when the ferns are young. Gentle syringing is good for all ferns in winter, as it keeps them free from dust, which quickly kills them if allowed to accumulate. Strong leaved palms may be washed with soft soap and water once a week.

The amusing blunders of the "green" servant would fill a volume. Not many however reach a more comical height than that described by a lady at luncheon recently of her own lately engaged cook. "I told her," she said, "to put some fly paper on the breast of the turkey on the first occasion of our having such fowl after her arrival, at the same time handing her a bunch of the fly sufficient to last all the winter. Coming to enter the kitchen later, I saw the bird ready for the oven, as the girl told me. I was not drawn, and in the breast she had put a hole, and inserted the entire bunch of flies as a corsage bouquet."

Masculinities.

He that is never satisfied with anything satisfies no one.

The devil has a good friend in the man who is mean to his wife.

Beware, so long as you live, of judging men by outward appearances.

No matter where you hit a man, the blow is sure to go against his stomach.

A Grand Rapids, Mich., man claims that he married his wife while under her hypnotic influence.

Manager Daly thinks that the stage is too much occupied by women with one or more pasts and men with no futures.

A man doesn't generally get a bad reputation without deserving it, but it sticks to him after he has ceased to deserve it.

It is not generally known that Augustus Dickens, a brother of the great English novelist, lived many years in Chicago.

The Kaiser, it is said, has decided to honor Bismarck by having the ex-Chancellor's head stamped on a future issue of German coins.

A man who is hypnotized and kept asleep for a week in full view of the public is one of the attractions of the London Royal Aquarium.

Miss Bullion: "I wish I was sure Jack loved me." Miss Budd: "Doesn't he say so?" Miss Bullion: "Yes; but he always asks permission to kiss me."

I don't like to talk much with people who always agree with me. It is amusing to coquette with an echo for a little while, but one soon tires of it.

Morocco leather is so called because it first came from Morocco. The best qualities are made from goats' skins, but the cheaper grades from sheep skins.

Mr. William Court Gully, the Liberal candidate for the Speakership of the House of Commons to succeed Mr. Speaker Peel, is the grandson of a well known pugilist.

The Austrian Emperor created a sensation in Vienna recently by appearing at a theatre. It was the first time he had been seen in a playhouse since the tragic death of his son.

Chris. Lind had a narrow escape from being shot at Marinette, Wis. He was sitting at the supper table when a bullet came through the window and shattered to pieces a [illegible]

Of the eleven Emperors and Empresses that have occupied the throne of Russia, between Peter I and Alexander III, four have been assassinated. The remaining seven averaged a little over fifty years of age.

During a frost last winter one distressed agricultural district whose tenancy is not ten miles from London, and who had flooded a meadow, collected over $250 in five hours on a certain day from skaters.

An Italian bacteriologist says that old age is caused by the presence in the tissues of "old age bacteria," and he asserts that when some method of expelling these bacteria shall be discovered man will become immortal.

The manufacture of watches has attained a considerable degree of importance in Japan. That Empire now supplies British Hongkong with watches. Yokohama has the finest watch making machinery from this country.

Byron's household, according to Shelly, consisted, besides servants, of ten horses, eight enormous dogs, three monkeys, five cats, an eagle, a crow and a falcon, and all except the horses went to and fro in the house at their pleasure.

The Archduchess Maria Theresa, wife of Duke Philip of Wurtemburg, comes into the snug little sum of $50,000,000 by the death of her father, Archduke Albrecht of Austria. The deceased Archduke's entire estate is valued at $125,000,000.

The highest graduate in botany in the recent biological examination at the University of Pennsylvania was a woman with an average of 100. The next, averaging 99, was also a woman. A man also received 99, the next in honors, 95, was a man.

In Paris a novel experiment is about to be tried. A company of Chinese actors, recruited in Pekin and Canton, are to appear in a piece called "The Green Dragon," written by M. Michel Carre, the author, or rather inventor, of the pantomime, "L'Enfant Prodigue."

The Rev. Mr. Fairbanks, an American missionary in India, attributes a large part of his success to the use of a bicycle. Not only is he enabled to cover a more extensive territory with it, but the natural curiosity of the natives brings large crowds to see "a horse that needs neither grass nor grain."

A Frenchman must still obtain the consent of his parents if he wish to marry. Alice Lemire's bill to facilitate marriage in France was recently adopted by the Chamber of Deputies, with the exception of the clause dispensing with the consent of parents after a man shall have become 25 or a woman 21 years of age.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Summer gowns have already had trimmings of ribbons, but the style changes every year as regards the width used. Sometimes broad sashes are worn, and sometimes narrow ribbon, but every woman buys with her summer outfit a selection of various colored sashes and belts. Last season there was a craze for black satin ribbon on everything, even the lightest muslin gowns, and the quantity sold was enough to have made the country truly prosperous. The light contrast of the black satin against the colored sheer materials was at first almost too striking, but there is nothing that one does not become accustomed to when it is the fashion, and as the sash seemed to accentuate the delicate coloring and was universally becoming all the world wore it.

A bow of light blue, pink, yellow, or any bright color on the shoulder of a black evening gown gives a bit of color that is very desirable, and if a tiny cockade of the same color is placed in the hair it is invariably becoming. Big Louis XVI. bows, as they are called (poor Louis has much laid to his charge), placed vaguely and without any apparent rhyme or reason on the side breadths of some of the newest evening gowns, are exceedingly smart.

Where the tying of bows is concerned, American women, clever and adaptable as they are, are forced to yield the palm of success to the French, who seem to be blessed with "fairy fingers," such wonderous skill do they possess. A French woman will take a bit of ribbon discarded and thrown aside as quite useless. She will wash it, iron it, perchance dye it, then tie it in a chic little bow or rosette that looks as though fairies had put it together.

Ribbons with cloth gowns were at one time considered quite incongruous, but for the last year have been all the fashion. With a very swart black serge costume worn at a musicale the other afternoon there were a belt and collar of white lace ribbon which looked extremely well. The ribbon was two inches wide, and not made up into any stiff collar or belt, but was simply tied about the waist and finished in a short, double bow knot. The collar was precisely the same.

With summer reached the bodice will [illegible] garniture, while chiffon and mousseline de soie are also en evidence.

These are now made to order for women at swell men's furnishing places, and such garments have a faultless set about the collar and cuffs that explains the price, even though the material be the simplest cheviot. Except in the very dressy shirt waists buttons are set down the front, covered by box plait, because women have discovered that with their bangs to keep parted, nails to manicure and side combs to keep in place, life is too short to try and attend to studs. Indeed, a collar button is bad enough. The girl who cannot keep a man's necktie in place on herself has struck, and she will wear a white waist with a bit of ribbon passed back of the collar button. The ends will be brought on top and tied in a soft knot. Thus the bow, being literally tied about the collar button, buttonhole and all, cannot slip. Besides, since such a tie does not go about the neck, the collar will not be mussed getting it in place, and the tie cannot slip down at the back, or cut up any of the other tricks the average tie will do with the average girl. Then girls to whom the spick-spanness of a shirt is becoming look all the better for a more feminine effect about the tie. A dreadful strain on pocket money is removed if ribbon is used instead of the usual ready-made dress lawn tie. Men, poor things, have their troubles, as women learn as they adapt their details of attire.

A novel toilette is fashioned in dahlia crepon, the large full skirt being formed of eight flaring breadths. This skirt is finished without adornment, but is lined throughout with silk and faced with hair cloth.

The bodice is a French blouse, composed of squares of dahlia satin and white lace, these being formed by interlacing bands of the lace with satin ribbons. The collar band is of dahlia satin, edged by a ruffle of white lace, and the satin belt is clasped by a silver buckle. The immense gigot sleeves are of dahlia crepon.

A large hat, with fluted brim, is trimmed with Dresden ribbon, lace and dahlias.

One of the latest French creations has a very large, full skirt, of black grenadine, over a transparent of mauve rose satin.

The corsage en pompadour is of white taffeta, flowered with old rose, to correspond to the transparent, and the sleeves are in old rose, covered with grenadine.

The bonnet is in black fancy straw adorned with old rose and violets.

The cloche skirt of a leaf green taffetas glace is finished without garniture, and is lined with mais silk.

The full bodice is of mais mousseline duchesse with a square yoke of guipure embroidered with pearls and jets. Double epaulettes of accordion plaited mousseline duchesse fall over the tops of the bouffante puffed sleeves, which are terminated at the elbow by two accordion plaited ruffles of the mousseline. The straight belt is of guipure embroidered with pearls and jets while the collar braid is of taffetas with outstanding loops at the back.

The Napoleon hat is in white straw, trimmed with white plumes, lace and roses with their foliage.

A very gray stylish gown is a princesse in silver gray silk, the skirt falling in very full folds from the hips. Bouffante puffed sleeves of the silk are finished at the elbow by bouillonnees of brown lace. The bodice is draped by a fichu of brown lace, terminating in a point just below the waist, but leaving, in the centre, a slender V, which is closely embroidered with jets. Fringed epaulettes of jets adorn the shoulders, and the collar band is of gray silk.

The large chapeau is of black straw, garnished with black plumes, paradise aigrettes and mousseline de soie.

A charming gown is in deep crimson crepon, the wide, flaring skirt having a deep border of string-colored French embroidery.

The bodice of string-colored embroidery terminates at the waist-line, and has a broad centre box-plait of crepon, from the sides of which emerges accordion-plaited chiffon in shot crimson, arranged crosswise, and thus forming shell-like folds. Large puffed sleeves of crepon have close-fitting lower manches of the French embroidery, and the gown is finished by a collar band and belt of ribbon, with bows at the back.

A large black hat, trimmed with Dresden ribbons, string colored lace and flowers, would be apropos with this toilette.

Linen batista is tres en vogue this season, being used to garnish some of the handsomest gowns of either silk or wool. For summer wear entire gowns will be made of this fabric and trimmed with linen lace or embroidery en suite. Mousseline duchesse is one of the new fabrics [illegible] for garniture, while chiffon and mousseline de soie are also en evidence.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Things Useful to Know.—Linen and denim, whether embroidered in white or colors, do not need any starch. They should be ironed when damp and then will be sufficiently stiff. Wash them in lukewarm suds, rinse carefully and hang them where they will dry quickly, but not where the sun will pour down on them. Do not use hot water, especially when colored silks or linens have been used, and hasten the laundering as much as possible. Iron embroidered cloths on the wrong side till perfectly dry.

Ribbons used to ornament various pieces of fancy work often need washing. Wash them in the same way as embroidered cloths, and protect them from the iron with clean brown paper or a cloth. Be sure to iron them before they are wholly dry. Scarlet washes best among the colors for ribbons, and the satin-finished ribbons will appear after laundering almost as fresh as new, but moire ribbons lose their unique finish.

A delicious pudding is cream and orange pudding. To make it stir one pint of thick sweet cream with three yolks of eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Put a layer of bread crumbs in the bottom of a pudding dish, fill with the cream and cover with more bread crumbs. Bake half an hour; when done, spread the top with thinly sliced oranges, cover with a meringue made from the whites of eggs. Brown lightly.

Common table salt has always its uses with the good housekeeper. For the cleaning of irons it is invaluable. Colored prints and muslins which are likely to fade when washed can be "set" with salt and water. To preserve a bunch of cut flowers sprinkle the stems with common table salt, and they will last twice as long and assume a fresh look unit nearly faded.

Ceylon tea with a slice of lemon, with the addition of a teaspoonful of rum, is the best beverage for an afternoon at home. Pecan nuts, salted, small cakes and crackers of various kinds, are all the refreshments needed for even a large fashionable function.

Carpets, rugs and stair and hall filling can be cleansed by rubbing them with water to which a good quantity of ammonia is added.

Five minutes's dumb bell exercise in the morning and five in the evening will fill out hallow shoulders and round out angular collar cavities more quickly than any form of fattening diet.

To prevent rats from making their appearance saturate a rag with a good strong cayenne pepper solution and stuff it in the rat holes. Rats are easily discouraged. Of course, a good mouser is the best means of ridding a house of them.

For hives in children, rub the irritated skin or the pustules with castor oil, applied with the tip of the finger. Baby will pass from fretting to slumber while the process is going on, the relief will be so great and quick. For inflamed eyes, bumped heads and sprained ankles, use abundantly water as hot as can be borne.

Hot water applied to a bruise will allay pain and prevent discoloration. It has superseded medical "eye waters" in the treatment of inflamed and aching eyes. An American author, whose excellent eyesight was wonderful, when one considered her age and the immense amount of literary labor she performed, attributed it mainly to the custom of bathing her eyes freely in water as hot as it could be borne, night and morning, a habit continued for many years.

All pails which are used for slops, and other vessels, should be cleaned twice a week. Give them all a thorough scalding, and then thoroughly wash out with hot water and sal soda, then rinse with clear water and dry. By keeping everything clean in this way, much sickness may be avoided.

Always keep plenty of clean towels in the kitchen for wiping dishes, hands, etc., but be sure to keep the hand-towels separate from dish-towels.

To take out grease spots from clothing spread on pulverized chalk or magnesia; when the grease has been absorbed, brush off, and repeat if the grease is not entirely removed.

Clean the glass over pictures, rubbing with a soft cloth dipped in alcohol, then polish with a clean, soft cloth.

It is not always easy to start a fruit jar cover. Instead of wrenching your hands and bringing on blisters simply invert the jar and place the top in hot water for a minute. Then try it, and you will find it turns quite easily.

Silk must never be ironed, as the heat takes all the life out of it, and makes it seem stringy and flabby. If, however, you wish to press out old bits of silk and ribbon for fancy work, use an iron only moderately hot, and place two thicknesses of paper between that and the silk.

Shoes that are worn regularly, if cared for, will last much longer than if neglected. When shoes are taken off they should be wiped with a soft cloth, and, after airing a little while, oiled or polished, and put in a box by themselves or a shoe bag.

Keep the stove or range free from soot in all its parts. A hot-air passage clogged up with soot will prevent the oven from baking well.

Coffee Cake.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, one of molasses, five cups of flour, sifted, three eggs, one cup of strong, cold coffee, one-half pound of raisins, stoned and floured, one-half currants, one-fourth of citron, chopped or sliced fine, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, one of cloves, one half nutmeg, grated, one teaspoonful of soda, good measure. Good cake bakers always cream butter and sugar thoroughly, sift flour and beat eggs separately very light, adding the whites last.

French Cake.—Three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, two cups of sugar, three of flour, one of sweet milk, one-half cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda. Flavor with lemon, nutmeg or vanilla, cream the sugar and butter, then add yolks of eggs, then the milk and flour, with the soda and cream of tartar sifted into the latter dry. Add the whites of eggs last.

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Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS

"The Eclectic" for May is filled with the choicest extracts from the leading journals and magazines in all parts of the foreign English-speaking world. For one who wishes to keep up with the best thought of the most advanced thinkers of the day, the "Eclectic" is invaluable. Published in New York.

"The Quiver" for May gives the opening chapters of a new serial entitled "A Silly Creature," which will make the reader eager to get the next instalment. There are some capital short stories in this number, and the Sunday reading is of a most interesting as well as instructive character. As a Sunday magazine "The Quiver" fills an important place and does it practically. Published at New York.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt in the May number of "St. Nicholas" begins a series of papers called "Hero-Tales from American History." The subject of his first one is "Daniel Boone and the Founding of Kentucky." Mr. James Baldwin has a congenial field in "Helios' Four-in-Hand." Prof. William T. Hornaday continues his series on the "Quadrupeds of North America," by a familiar discussion of the habits and habitats of "The Squirrels, Marmots and Sewellel." The fiction, poetry and miscellany of the number is so diversified that every taste will probably be satisfied. Published at New York.

"Cassell's Family Magazine" for May is a thoroughly entertaining number. It opens with an illustrated article on the "Bench and Bar" of England. "Beautified House Linen," is a practical paper appropriately illustrated. Other articles are, "English Common Sense," "An Old Roman's Bill of Fare," "Chit-Chat on Dress," music, poetry and the always readable and instructive items in "The Gatherer" department. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

The complete novel in the May issue of "Lippincott's" is "The Lady of Las Cruces," by Christian Reid. "Odds on the Gun," is a stirring anecdote of South Africa. Calvin Dill Wilson presents the first and second courses of "The Menu of [illegible]." "High Flyers and Low Flyers" are our native birds, as observed by W. Warren Brown. "The Young Corsan Rebel," whose story Haddo Gordon narrates, was the leader of an important movement in the Hermit Kingdom ten or twelve years ago. There is also much other good matter. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Co., this city.

The chief feature of the May "Popular Science Monthly" is an article by Herbert Spencer, which is announced as the first of a series of ten or twelve on Professional Institutions. Prof. James Sully in his Studies of Childhood now passes from the ideas to the feelings of children, taking up "Fear." Prof. Frederick Starr traces the process of "Archæology in Denmark." The article is illustrated. M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu writes on "The Office of Luxury." Logan G. McPherson discusses "Business, Friendship, and Charity." Other articles are "Race Mixture and National Character," by L. R. Harley; "Woman as an Inventor and Manufacturer" (illustrated); and "Microbes as Factors in Society," by M. L. Capitan." Dr. Wm. T. Lusk contributes a sketch of "The Illustrious Boerhaave." The Editor's Table and other departments are as vigorous and readable as usual. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

HOW TO MAKE 'EM LAST.—"A year or so ago," said a young man to a friend, "I spent a few weeks in South coast watering places. One day I saw a machine which bore the inscription: 'Drop a penny in the slot and learn how to make your trousers last.' As I hadn't a great deal of money, I thought an investment of a penny to show me how to save the purchase of a pair of trousers would be small capital put to a good use, so I dropped the required coin in and a card appeared. What do you suppose it recommended as the way to make my trousers last?" "Don't wear 'em, I suppose. "No." "What did it say?" "Make your coat and waistcoat first."

HOUSEWORK.—No woman who has been brought up to do housework dislikes it. It is only the name of "servant" from which she shrinks. And what unutterable folly it is, since we are all servants! No man who is unselfish, no woman who does her duty, but is at service all his or her life for some one or something. A clergyman, a lawyer, a physician, a soldier, a sailor, each acknowledges the name. Surely a wife must serve her husband and children, and a child its parents; and a hired servant, who gives good value for value received, can hold up her head with any lady in the land.

TIGER HUNTING.

TO THE AVERAGE mind, there present themselves but two methods of pursuing and slaying the striped monarch of the Eastern jungles—namely, the ordinary battue by elephants, on the most doughty and best-trained of which the sportsmen mount, and ensconce themselves in the traditional "howdah," whence, with comparative ease and security, they mark out and shoot down their game; and the infinitely more perilous and exciting plan of tracking the cunning and ferocious animal on foot to his lair, and facing him in open combat.

The former is the most usually indulged in, even ladies taking part in the chase; the latter is only adopted by men who can thoroughly depend upon their nerves and accuracy of aim, and is often productive of those fatal accidents which strike us with horror on their occurrence. But there are many other and varied practices adopted to take or annihilate this destructive quadruped, which may be unknown to our readers, and which, therefore, we shall proceed to describe.

In districts where firearms are unknown or unprocurable, the native inhabitants fashion a sort of spring bow of stout cane, which they set up in some path which the tiger is known to follow when going to a river or pool to quench his thirst. To this they adjust an arrow, the point of which has been well smeared with a virulent and powerful poison, in the compounding of which they are very skilful. The animal, on his peregrination to water, comes in contact with a cord attached to this weapon and stretched across the track, being closely concealed under grass and leaves. The pressure on this releases the string of the bow, the missile springs forward, and in most cases attains its aim, entering the breast of the tiger, who breaks away with loud roars into the depths of the jungle. The natives, apprised by his fury of their success, follow up cautiously, and in a few hours come across their prey, which has succumbed to the deadly injection.

Sometimes a somewhat similar device is brought into play, which is so utilized by the natives of Africa to secure hippopotami. A heavy block of wood, to which is firmly lashed a short, stout, sharply-barbed spear, is suspended over the path, and in this case, likewise, a thin cord is stretched across the track. As before, on the latter being pressed by the tiger, the trap is sprung; the heavy block descends with terrific force on the back of the devoted animal, plunging the keen spear deep into its vitals, whence the broad barb prevents its extraction; and the tiger, if not almost instantaneously slain, dashes away into the jungle, every moment enlarging the wound, and causing the deadly weapon to penetrate deeper and deeper, until, worn out with loss of blood, he sinks dying to the ground.

In some cases, a tiger who has earned the invidious title of "man-eater" will frequent a village or its environs, even venturing at night to steal silently among the huts and carry off a victim from the very midst of his fellows, hooking the wretched individual out of his fancied security as one would extract a periwinkle from its shell with a pin. Driven to desperation, the people will hire one or two men who are known to be professional "shekarries" and good shots, not hesitating to send hundreds of miles for them.

A platform, commonly called a "machaun," is then erected amongst the branches of some tall tree in the outskirts of the village; and on this, seated sometimes alone, sometimes in couples, and well shrouded from view by the foliage, these men will wait patiently hour after hour. Perhaps several days may elapse ere they succeed in their object; but sooner or later, the tiger pays the forfeit of his life, and the villagers are delivered from their ruthless and bloodthirsty foe. This plan is often adopted by Europeans, who picket a goat or bullock within range of their leafy perch, and, on the tiger making his appearance and pouncing on the miserable victim, shoot him down in ease and security.

The Nairs, on the coast of Malabar, adopt a far more perilous method. They fix upon a partially cleared spot in the vicinity which the tiger is known to frequent, and in the centre thereof they picket a goat. At convenient distances from this alluring bait, in a circle, several pits are dug just wide enough to admit the body of a man, and from eight to ten feet in depth. On either side of the interior, strong wooden plugs are inserted, to serve as steps, and on these the bare-footed Nairs balance themselves while on the lookout, with their eyes just above the level of the ground. Each is armed with a bow and arrows and a short, sharp, stabbing spear. Ere long the tiger, attracted by the cries of the goat, makes his appearance; there is a bound, a roar, and a shriek from the terrified victim; and almost simultaneously a dozen arrows are quivering in the body of the astounded aggressor. If not killed by the first discharge, he glares around furiously, to discover whence the missiles had come, and, catching sight of a dark woolly poll projecting out of the ground, he rushes to the spot. But his irritating antagonist is securely crouched at the bottom of his hole, and, whilst the infuriated beast makes frenzied attempts to claw him out, not only does the Nair deal him vicious prods with his spear, but his comrades ply their bows and arrows with redoubled zeal, and ultimately the tiger yields up his life, being stuck as full of arrows as a pincushion of pins. Of course, fatal accidents will sometimes occur, as when, for instance, the tiger is too quick for the Nair, and is upon him ere the latter can slip down into safety.

The Chinese still practise a device of a box-trap and looking glass, which is said to be found in ancient sculpture; and any of our readers who may have noticed the curiosity of a cat, dog or monkey when it espies its image in a mirror, can well conceive that the larger animal, animated by the same feeling, would evince the same inquisitiveness, and, while indulging its thirst for knowledge, walk heedlessly into the trap.

The Persians are said to proceed after the following manner. A large, spherical, strongly interwoven bamboo cage, with intervals of a few inches between the bars, is erected in some spot adjacent to the haunts of the tiger. This is firmly and securely picketed to the ground. Inside this cage, a man, provided with several short and powerful stabbing spears, or a keen and pointed sword, takes post at night with a dog as a [illegible]. The man, wraps himself in his blanket, and calmly goes to sleep. Presently, the tiger makes his appearance—of which the man is made aware by his four-footed companion—and, after vainly snuffing and prowling round the cage to find an entrance, rears himself up against the erection. The man instantly takes advantage of the brute's unprotected position, and either stabs him resolutely with his spear, or rips up his stomach with his hunting-sword, either of which attacks results in almost immediate death.

A ROMANCE OF BACK HAIR.—At a ball given by President Napoleon at the Elysee, some nights before the Coup d' Etat, Mdlle. Eugenie met her future Emperor and husband. The manner of meeting was somewhat romantic. Louis Napoleon did not much care for the rush of ball-rooms, and he had chosen a propitious moment to escape, with his friend, Edward Ney, the Duke of La Moskowa, into the Elysee gardens, when he suddenly came upon a radiant, blushing girl, who was trying up her hair alone, opposite a glass in the conservatory.

Her hair had come down during a waltz, and the crowd was too great to admit of her reaching the ladies' dressing room; so that she had glided in here, hoping to be unobserved.

Louis Napoleon, seeing her in this strait, gallantly gave her his arm, and led her round by the private apartments to the dressing-room in question, and from this time there was a mutual regard between the President and the fair stranger.

During the following twelve months Mme. de Montijo and her daughter were invited guests at all the Presidential residences—Fontainebleau, Compiegne, St. Cloud—and it escaped nobody that the Prince paid Mdlle. Eugenie an inordinate amount of attention.

No one supposed, however, that these attentions could end in a marriage, for the President, having performed his Coup d' Etat, was on the point of becoming Emperor, and it was no secret that his ambassador at Munich was trying to arrange a match for him with a Princess of Bavaria.

The King of Bavaria refused to give away his relative to a Prince whom he styled an "adventurer," and then it was that Louis Napoleon, much mortified at heart, resolved not to expose himself to further rebuffs in courting royal princesses.

Possibly Mme. de Montijo had not waiting her opportunity, for two days after the news of the Bavarian snub had begun to get bruited, she begged a private audience of the Prince, and told him that, as his attentions to her daughter were beginning to excite comment, she had the intention of leaving France. This was at St. Cloud, where the mother and daughter were both staying.

The Prince asked Mme. de Montijo to tarry one day more, for he might have something to say to her, and he employed these twenty four hours in acquainting his Ministers of his intention to marry Mdlle. Eugenie. The news fell upon them like a shell. Nothing of this kind had been apprehended by any one, and both Count de Morney, M. de Persigny, and Edward Ney earnestly implored the Prince not to contract such a mesalliance.

The communication was made to the Cabinet on the 25th of November. On the 2nd of December the Prince was proclaimed Emperor, on the 22nd of January the coming marriage was officially notified to the French people, and on the 30th of January it was solemnised at Notre-Dame.

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"Love laughs at locksmiths," Strephon cried,
"At all their works he mocks;
Bars, bolts and chains he sweeps aside,
And picks all locks."

Then up spoke Chloe fervently,
With no uncertain voice—
"If the young rogue will pick for me,
A weel lock is my choice!"

Mrs. Doogood: Do you feel the hard times, my good man?

Tramp: No, ma'am. Everywhere I go they tell me there's no work.

Young lady: Oh, papa, you must let me go to the concert! You know I am so fond of music!

Juvenile brother: Then why don't you let me play on my banjo?

She: Oh, this voting is perfectly lovely. I never did enjoy anything quite so much. Let's go around and vote at all the places.

He: Well, I guess not.

She: Oh, you mean thing.

Rose: Couldn't we get a lottery for the benefit of the church?

Daisy: A lottery? Our minister is so opposed to lotteries that he has conscientious scruples about performing the marriage services.

A government official in Tuscany once closed his report of a wreck upon that coast with the touching words, "Notwithstanding all my efforts to assist them through my speaking-trumpet, the people were all drowned."

Bildad: I hear your wife is making a collection of antiques.

Tupenny: Yes, she's crazy about anything that's old—except her bonnets and dresses. I notice that she still thinks the newer they are the better.

"Excuse me," said the summer girl languidly, to her fiancee, "but may I ask you a question?" "Certainly," said the devoted lover, tightening his grasp on her slender waist. "Well, would you mind telling me your name?"

Noting the present of a silver cup to a brother journalist, a Western editor says: "He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor, whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a pickle jar, the spile of a keg, or the bung of a barrel."

Bob was paying attention to a rich widow. "Madam," he said, as he offered her a **beautiful every day.** "You exaggerate, my dear sir!" exclaimed the lady, very much flattered. "Well, then, let us say every other day," said Bob.

"Fact is," said the grocer, "there's no money in coffee now a days."

"That's a comfort," replied the customer; "but there's most everything else in it. In the last pound I got there were eight beans, three peas, six shingle nails and a handful of gravel stones."

"There's nothing more beautiful than the month of April," she sighed, tenderly. "I wish that it could last forever."

"So do I," he answered, fervently.

"You, too, are fond of nature, then?"

"Yes, indeed. Besides I have a note coming due on the 1st of May."

Tom: I have seen the girl I want to marry. I stood behind her at this window this morning, and it took her seven minutes to buy a five-cent elevated railroad ticket.

Kitty: Did that make you want to marry her?

Tom: Yes; I figured she could never spend my income at that rate.

A dramatic author was boasting of the number of plays he had written, saying that more than a hundred had been produced on the boards. "More than a hundred plays, and all of them performed?" exclaimed some one in astonishment. "Yes; and the most curious feature in connection with the fact is that no one seems to be aware of it."

"Did that fellow who was hanged die in the hope of a better life, like the most of them?"

"I am not right sure about that," returned the minister; "he made his breakfast entirely off ice cream. He seemed to have some doubt that there would be any of it where he was going."

Citily: I see you wear a badge of the Lonely wood hose company. Isn't it pretty tough to have to respond to an alarm on a cold, rainy night, when you've worked hard in the city all day?

Commuter: Pooh, pooh, man! Why, you can stay at home and pay a dollar fine. That's what everybody does except the man whose house is on fire.

Mrs. Meckton was standing on the front doorstep when her husband came home.

"Henry," she said, in a loud tone, "there's your income-tax blank. You'd better fill it out right away."

"Great scot, Maria!" he exclaimed, "what do I want with an income-tax blank?"

"Don't talk so loud," was the admonition, in a subdued but stern key; "it's a summons to serve on the jury. The next-door neighbors on both sides of us have been sitting behind the closed window blinds waiting for you to come home so that they could find out what the officer was here for."

WAVES THAT WERE ALIVE.—During a recent tour through country districts, a company of players took with them "The Black Flag" as the principal item in their repertoire, and presented it repeatedly to large and appreciative audiences. But one night the play was presented with the addition of a ludicrous effect, which neither actors nor audience anticipated.

In order to heighten the realism of the piece the stage is covered in one of the scenes with an enormous piece of canvas, representing a wide expanse of water, and the undulation of the waves is rendered by a number of men beneath the canvas who throw their arms and legs about.

But, on the evening in question, the canvas at the front of the stage unfortunately got attached to the act-drop, which, on being raised, carried the canvas with it. The men who worked the waves, being blindfolded to prevent the dust getting into their eyes, were wholly unaware of what had occurred, and lay on their backs, kicking their feet into the air in the most absurd fashion.

The entire audience was convulsed with laughter, and the unconscious providers of the fun, imagining something must be wrong, removed the coverings from their eyes. No sooner was the state of affairs revealed to them than, with one accord, they bolted from the stage.

The representation of this particular scene was not further attempted after such a contretemps.

A SON of Charles Dickens, who is a lawyer in London, was recently retained in a case in which the firm of Dombey & Son was interested.

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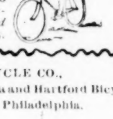

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It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and **WITHOUT FAIL** is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play **IMMEDIATELY** twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of **FIFTY CENTS.** Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa

Strange indeed that

A PLAIN THING

like SAPOLIO should make everything so bright, but "A needle clothes others, and is itself naked". Try it in your next house-cleaning

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What folly it would be to cut grass with a pair of scissors! Yet people do equally silly things every day. Modern progress has grown up from the hooked sickle to the swinging scythe and thence to the lawn mower. So don't use scissors!

But do you use SAPOLIO? If you don't you are as much behind the age as if you cut grass with a dinner knife. Once there were no soaps. Then one soap served all purposes. Now the sensible folks use one soap in the toilet, another in the tub, one soap in the stables, and SAPOLIO for all scouring and house-cleaning.